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1910

Phocion
A Dramatic Poem
And Other Poems

—Doyle



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If ever Old Age take delight in surveying
The haunts of the Youth and the home of the
Child,
Then surely he'll pause where his young footsteps
straying
Have been on the banks of the brooklet beguiled.

"Changeless" Page 75

PHOCION.

A Dramatic Poem, and
Other Poems.

down Adams
By E. A. DOYLE
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PREFACE.

In issuing this first collected edition of his poems, THE AUTHOR wishes to express his gratitude for the favor his work has received from an appreciative, but limited circle of readers, and the renewed obligation it imposes, and hopes to merit a continuation of the same regard from the larger public to which this volume is now introduced.

WINCHESTER, OHIO, OCTOBER 20, 1909.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

This volume contains a collection of poems composed during ten years. The dates appended to each division of the book are the dates of publication. The illustrations were furnished by the Bucher Engraving Co., of Columbus, and the Queen City Engraving Co., of Cincinnati. The illustration of the flagship "Brooklyn" is copied by special permission of the S. S. McClure Co., of New York, from McClure's Magazine for September, 1898.

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Phocion:
A Dramatic Poem.
1897.

*Arma virumque cano * * **

** * * Fato profugus * * **

Litora, multum ille et terris iactatus et alto

Vi superum saevae memorem Junon s ob iram,

Mutta quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem.

Virgil.

Preface to the First Edition.

In the following series of imaginary adventures, little attempt is made by the author to preserve that unity usually regarded as essential in productions of this class. The composition, while dealing with the mysterious, is shrouded in mystery. This is the author's most ambitious literary effort since the "Light of Life: a Medley," published in 1889, and if he has made no substantial addition to literature, he hopes, at least, to be afforded the satisfaction of knowing that he has not detracted from the charm of those ancient and mediæval myths and legends which have been the solace and delight of mankind in all ages, from the nursery tales which are only used to amuse children, to the beautiful Greek stories that are the delight of the scholar and thinker, as well as the most desultory searcher after knowledge. However wild, fanciful or imaginary may seem to the reader PHOCION and his mystic crew, to the author through long association, they have assumed the forms and shapes of living persons. (It is, perhaps, needful to add, that both the plot and the narrative are entirely original, no such person as PHOCION ever having had an existence, to our knowledge, either in history or fiction, lest the reader may confound the hero with the Athenian general who bore the same name.) Doubtless, herein will be found many faults that were due to youth and inexperience, it having been written, for the most part, by the author, before he had reached the age of twenty-four—while there may be faults, both in thought and expression, for which even this excuse will not wholly atone. If such there be, he asks the reader's forbearance, assuring him that it will be gratefully appreciated by

THE AUTHOR.

WINCHESTER, OHIO, NOVEMBER 16, 1896.

PHOCION: A Dramatic Poem

NOTE.—PHOCION, Deputy-Governor of a sea-coast Province of Asia, deposes Cyrus, a half-brother, whom he orders confined in a dark cave, and, after a certain period, put to death; and, aided by such of his subjects as he could incite to rebellion, himself seizes his throne. He is no sooner upon the throne, however, than a faithful subject of the deposed king conceives the idea of appearing to the new king in the disguise of the spirit of Prophecy, and persuading him to go in search of a mythical island, lying about one hundred leagues to the eastward, which, he was told, rivalled the famous Gardens of the Hesperides, and possessed a most fruitful soil. This, he was told, he should conquer and annex to his own realm. It should then be colonized, and a new order of society established, founded upon equal rights and laws, until the golden age should return. PHOCION, fired with ambition, is elated with the project, and, tormented with remorse on account of his treachery, and, as he believed, fratricide, is the more easily duped by the trick, and, gathering together a few subjects who were faithful to his cause, fitted out a ship for the voyage. After a few days' sailing, they land several leagues to the southward. This is not the land which it had been indicated in his vision he should inherit, so PHOCION proposes to again set sail, to the great dissatisfaction of his men, who were weary and filled with anxiety to return home. In the succeeding adventures of PHOCION and his crew, they are pursued by Fate, and their ship almost lost in a fearful tempest. During his absence, a faithful subject of the deposed king, relieves him from his imprisonment in the cave, and, amid acclaim, restores him to the throne. In expiation of his crime, PHOCION and his crew are made to encounter many dangers, but finally arrive safely into the port from whence they started, where Cyrus receives the sailors with rejoicing. The plot of the composition is partly founded on the Greek myth

which supposes an avenging Nemesis, who is swift to follow and punish crime. The time is about A. D. 100.]

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

PHOCION, King of the Country.

TOTORAN, A General, Second in Command.

PSYRAS, A General, Third in Command.

CAPTAIN, LIEUTENANT, SOLDIERS, GREEK SLAVE, PILOT, SPY,
BOY, SPIRITS, FATES, FURIES, DESTINIES, Etc., Etc.

SCENE.—*An island in the Ægean Sea. Phocion and his companions on board a ship moored to the coast.*

PHOCION.

Go, tell the mate to fling
The cordage loose, and swing
The ropes aboard which bind this thick-ribbed boat;
For, straight against the sun
An hundred leagues we run:
Draw in the plank and set the ship afloat.

TOTORAN.

What! Leave this sunny land,
This broad protecting strand,
And with the treacherous elements to cope?
Upon this unknown sea
Waits death and misery:
We seek we know not what—a forlorn hope.

PSYRAS.

Why leave this peaceful land?
Once we at thy command
Left home, of wife and children all bereft;

The gods across the foam
Decreed a fairer home—
A sunlit land surpassing that we left.

CAPTAIN.

Here grows the branching palm,
Here wafts a gracious calm
The breeze that off the aged ocean blows;
Cut off and separate far
From desolating war,
Let us not tempt the fates to seek our close.

PHOCION.

Think you then that I am
A gilded, painted man
To ask and not require the thing I ask,
Then, slaves, upon this shore,
Stay, cowards, forevermore!
Alone I will pursue my appointed task!

GREEK SLAVE.

My ancient fathers, O
Could they hear this eloquent flow
Of speech, how would their noble bosoms swell!
The present hour should try
Their courage, prove it high—
Follow they would, nor ask if ill or well.

ALL OFFICERS.

No, since our worthy head,
Exemplar, hast decreed
That we essay to plough the stormy main,
Our immediate acts shall prove
Our lealty and love,
Fresh courage bind our hearts with a securer chain.

PHOCION.

GREEK SLAVE. (*aside.*)

Away, you coward dogs,
 With hearts of lizards, frogs,
 Dissemble heat they may in natural health,
 When dark disaster's near,
 When love gives place to fear
 I prophesy mutiny that walks by stealth.

(*A blood-red star suddenly appears in the heavens
 and, glowing intensely for awhile, finally disappears.*)

SPY. (*Pointing to the star.*)

Lo! in the heavens a sign!
 This warning scroll divine
 It needs no seer or prophet to unroll;
 A star of fiery hue
 Shines lambent through the blue,
 Appoints our doom and measures out our dole.

PHOCION. (*Impatiently.*)

Go, tell the Captain fling
 The cordage loose, and swing
 The ropes aboard which bind this thick-ribbed boat,
 For, straight against the sun
 An hundred leagues we run,
 Draw in the plank and set our trusty craft afloat.

SEER. (*With book of magic in his hand.*)

Star that hangst lowering
 Red on us here,
 That in heaven's towering
 Dome dost appear,
 Dart thou a spiracle
 Out as by miracle,
 Show us thine oracle,
 Make our fate clear!

PHOCION.

7

(*Prophesying.*)

Dark shadows shall follow thee,
And storm 'cross the main;
Chaos will swallow thee,
Waves blood-red shall stain.
Ship that beguilingly
Sailst forth half smilingly,
This direful prophecy
The fates bid make plain.

FIRST SEAMAN.

Ho, Fool! what holdest thou in thy right hand?

SECOND SEAMAN.

In sooth, I think it is a magic wand.

THIRD SEAMAN.

And what would he attempt to prove by this?

FOURTH SEAMAN.

Simply that the ship's course will be amiss.

FIFTH SEAMAN.

And how will he this declaration prove?

SIXTH SEAMAN.

A prompter's box he occupies for Jove.

SEVENTH SEAMAN.

Less heed he pays to Jove than magic-books.

EIGHTH SEAMAN.

He doubtless is not quite the fool he looks.

PILOT.

Far as my view extends the way is clear.

SPY.

I see no dark obstruction hovering near.

PHOCION.

NINTH SEAMAN.

His prophecies are, doubtless, based on air.

TENTH SEAMAN.

If he deceiveth, may he perish there.

TOTORAN.

Unloose the rigging, free the ship,
The ropes make taut for a long sea trip.
Alas! our path is all untried:
We stem the force of an unfriendly tide;
The heaven in blank amazement stares
And shapes our course into endless snares,
But, courage, our hearts are stout and bold,
Much store of food lies in our strong hold,
Our larder stocked with bird and beast
So, with fish in the sea—we long shall feast.
The choicest fruit of the vine doth blink
In jugs and bottles—so we long shall drink;
Would we by our own native courage stand,
Then, indeed, were this vessel giant-manned.

STOIC.

Laugh we, childlike, at the fates awhile,
Presently, we entice their smile.
But cower we there like yon empty seer,
No price for our blood had proved too dear;
Seek not to pervert the predistined end—
Who is true to himself, him all things befriend.

TOTORAN.

Your words come in like a grand refrain
Of martial music, make what I said plain;
Surely they to your master's tongue
Would not unworthily belong!

So, obedient, let us onward go,
 Dreading no foe but our own heart's foe.
 What though the unfavoring heavens are rent
 To secure our death and banishment;
 We will travel on to the endless shades
 Not as one who his own foul fortune upbraids,
 But as heroes whom a chance breath o'erthrew,
 To rise again for achievements new;
 But if come honor and victory,
 Then yours be the spoils, who have dared to die.

(They prepare to embark, amid bustle and confusion.)

SOLDIERS.

We go, whether it be ill with us or well.

PHOCION.

Hear you how firm my noble soldiers speak?

TOTORAN.

So strong no danger can their spirits shake.

PSYRAS.

In sooth, I think they are invincible.

BOY.

O could I play upon the village green,
 Where once I played, how happy I had been!

FIRST SEAMAN.

See our Captain wrinkled—

SECOND SEAMAN.

And wizened and hardened—

THIRD SEAMAN.

And crabbed and crinkled—

FOURTH SEAMAN.

Still less to be pardoned.

FIFTH SEAMAN.

What is he doing?

SIXTH SEAMAN.

Mischief is brewing;

He the rope from the ring and the bolt is untying;

Soon we o'er the broad ocean waste will be flying!

(The boat starts.)

ALL.

We bid farewell to the blossoming land;

May our keel touch a softer, more fragrant strand.

FIRST SOLDIER.

How ill exchanged is comfortable ease

For war, or, even honor, glory, wealth;

An even mind fair-poised, and joyous health

Can not be purchased by such toys as these.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Why did I leave the kingdom of my birth,

My wife and children, and my own fireside;

The world is rich in kingdoms far and wide—

They all to me are of but doubtful worth.

THIRD SOLDIER.

Why must we travel to a foreign land

To peep into another man's abode;

No matter what he has of fair and good,

His spear and axe but awkward fit our hand.

FOURTH SOLDIER.

We are embarked upon a bootless quest;

The drooping heavens deign but a transient
grace;

Mid storms and clouds she hides her wintry face;

Gods can but fail when man seeks ends unblest!

FIFTH SOLDIER.

See how yon palm-tree, sitting by the beach,
As rood by rood we go, grows less and less;
A friendly longing towards it I confess,
There to return, fain am I to beseech.

SIXTH SOLDIER.

But forward look, to the vast horizon's ends,
How roll and hiss and hollo wave on wave;
Our human hands are powerless to save,
When no star guides, no deity attends!

CAPTAIN.

But yesternight I saw my blessed wife
Wave half-way welcome as I drew near home,
As though she fain would bid me not to come;
Or, hastening, learn what ills should vex my life.

Then, as I nearer drew, methought her eyes
Were red from weeping and her frame did shake,
As though a palsied fear did boldly wake,
To look through at me in a strange surprise.

As into those twin orbs I gazed, her face
Grew to so ashen hue I was 'mazed quite
To know what sullen fortune thus could blight
Where once sat light and gladness, angel-grace

Then opened I my lips as if to speak,
But she—she merely pointed to the door,
Where lay my eldest child upon the floor—
I grasped my staff, for I felt faint and weak.

For close beside him ran a purple flood
That slowly gathered to a little pool,
And O, did not the sight my eyes befool,
There lay my first-born, weltering in his blood.

Dim, indistinct, and cloaked with gloom, there grew
About the form of my beloved a haze,
I ne'er have seen the like in all my days—
For, horror of horrors, I seemed fading too!

And, suddenly, was the stream to a river grown,
And, all at once, into a raging sea;
Broad, boundless, surging onward, it bore me
Into the blank and desolate unknown.

Then woke I, I was pacing on the deck;
Alone I paced, under a starless sky;
The silent dew of heaven fell from on high.
Yet stirred it not the yoke about my neck.

Whene'er that bodeful vision comes again.
Whene'er I see those shadows hovering near,
Chilled is my heart as with a wintry fear,
And all my bones are shaken with dull pain.

STOIC.

You have been listening to yon seer;
Were he not inconveniently near,
Him would I a base impostor call,
Such fools deceive the wisest of us all.

CAPTAIN.

Could I resolve the visions of that night
By logic's rules however numberless,

Then would I rest in peace and quietness—
Alas! I know not what to make of it!

TOTORAN. (*Addressing the King.*)

For half a score of months we've followed thee,
Most noble Phocion, wheresoe'er thou'st led,
Our terms a feeble sustenance, board and bed;
Still, soon we hoped our journey's end to see;

Still hoped that on each blessed morrow morn,
That undiscovered land we would descry,
The home of peace and calm tranquility;
Each setting sun but left us more forlorn.

Still on we fared, nor did we e'er complain
Of our sad fortune, or bewail our lot;
Oft as the bitter tear would start, we fought
It down again, and quenched the aching pain.

And often have I in the silvery night
Crept softly down to the salt water's brim,
To watch the little fishes float and swim;
It always was to me a pleasant sight.

And stretched my hand out towards the glowing west,
The land of sunset, and my own heart's home;
O, could mine eyes pierce through the cheerless
foam,

See it once more, then would I sweetly rest.

But my strained eye-balls would no sight relieve,
Save the long stretch of ocean vast and wide;
With eager hands, I longed to clasp that tide,
So it might waft me home, then would I live.

But no—I stifled the thought, but half expressed
To my inner self, it would not, could not be;
At morn I cheered the men with merriest glee,
Rousing the ardour in each frozen breast.

Now, vain my arts, your people would return;
They say a fruitless, causeless quest you crave,
Barren of promise, save a watery grave;
The fires of high emprise no longer burn.

But, if you tell me whither lies that shore,
Where gold and pearls lie thick as summer dust,
And niggard nature, that now grants a crust,
Heaps up her blessings in a bounteous store.

Then may I cheer the faint hearts of the crew,
And rouse the latent lion in their eyes,
So that fair fortune in what e'er disguise
It comes, perchance may find us leal and true.

PSYRAS.

Even whilst we speak, yon mischief-brewing cur,
A loud-mouthed, shrill-tongued, star-eyed prophet-
devil,

A fiend incarnate of mischievous evil,
Rank discord sows among the men, doth stir
To contemplation of most sanguine acts,
And all with which base cowards most agree,
I swear that these are well-attested facts.

PHOCION.

Soft! his gay boastings will not stir a blink,
I' their eyes, they cannot his vain chaffings drink;
I have a wonderful event to tell,
That for our fair achievement bodeeth well.

TOTORAN AND PSYRAS. (Together.)

We joyful hear what thou hast to relate,
What e'er thou speakest, we in obedience wait.

PHOCION. (*Relates his Vision of the Spirit of
Prophecy.*)

I was musing by the seashore, when a spirit came to
me,

From out the dusky curtains of the dim and moonlit
sea;

First she cleft the crested billows, then in ripples
hurled them back,

Slowly, softly, rising, falling, o'er the ocean's fur-
rowed track;

And they trembled for an instant, then subsided and
were still—

Charmed to silence by the magic of the mighty mov-
er's will;

Silent as a night in summer now no breeze its surface
fanned,

Rolled the solemn, silent stormless ocean forth from
strand to strand.

And the chill air knew no murmur, and its breezes
breathed no sigh,

And half a world seemed caught in a reflection from
the sky.

Where was darkness, there was silence—twin powers
whom the fates obey—

Thus it was in endless vista to the portals of the day.

Fair she was in form and feature who this mighty
change had wrought;

Flashed her eyes like beads of silver, and her words
came quick as thought,

Fair she was, save when across her glowing features
came
Now a purple-tinted candle, now an amber-lighted
flame.
Purest vest of gold adorning, fell in fringes by her
side,
As they faintly touched the water, laughed the ripple
and the tide;
And her raven curls in blossom, wavy tresses black as
night,
Parted clear above a face of angel-calm, of holy white.
And I said: "Not form of mortal, but of goddess
wearest thou;
Hangs a world's weight from thy shoulders, glooms
beneath thy ample brow.
Thou art come from some far planet, from some hazy-
distanced sky,
Where the sapphire fire of evening drinks the light
that wanders by,
Where the cold glare of the noon-tide quenches its
beams, and in thy sight
Darkens its bold glance in the splendors of thy soul's
superior light;
And the morning star shows dimly where its step once
has been;
Eclipsed are sun and moon and stars; they are no
longer seen.
And the myriad-orbed heavens show no prophecies of
death,
And the dew of gladness dances, mixing with the eth-
er's breath."

“Truth,” she said, “has told you wisely, for a favored
place I hold,
Though an humble in the councils upon Olympus old;
I was present when through the void ethereal spaces
 rolled the earth
A spherul flame, and watched the slow volutions of
 its birth;
I, the spirit am of prophecy, and hither am I come,
To vindicate the ages when their oracle is dumb;
A ray of the eternal to flash hither, that may be
A blessing to the race of man, a lamp upon the sea.
Long in a visioned sleep I lay of holy angel-calm,
When from the heavens there showered the breath of
 flowers, a gracious balm,
And with a mighty chorus-voice of angel minstrelsy,
The sleep of ages broke in me; I came to succor thee.
To thee, O Phocion, chief of men, heaven sent me to-
 night
To guide your progress through the world, and lead
 your steps aright.
An hundred leagues in Southern seas, there slumbers
 in the deep
An isle sand bound with rock and stone, where
 breezes half asleep
Ever wind in and out and curve among the blossoming
 trees,
Wherein strange birds, at intervals, make unheard
 melodies.
Though cheerless is its outward look, forbidding is
 its coast,
The inland river-beds run dry, show gems of price-
 less cost.

The pear, the peach, the pomegranate, the orange and
the lime,
Forever bud and bear, and make perpetual summer-
time;
Perfumes so soft and delicate, they seem like gossamer,
Or, else, the faint exuded breath of some pellucid
star;
And nature of her corn and grain supplies a store
unending,
Which only wants a hand to dress, and care and skilful
tending;
There you shall found a kingdom based on liberty and
worth,
Where honest merit wins the race, and not the chance
of birth;
Where each man is a freeman—each lord of his estate.
Each as his neighbor wise and good, and all rich, free
and great.”
She said, and for a moment stood, then disappeared in
flame:
And in rising vapor disappeared and vanished as she
came.

PSYRAS.

This I am nothing doubting you should tell
The men: a mutiny perhaps 'twill quell.

PHOCION.

Friends, comrades, soldiers, all assembled here,
Heroes of many a war and bloody battle-field;
Strong arms the dart to poise, the unerring lance to
wield,
Whose eyes of deep resolve strike the foe mute with
fear—

Greeting, may fortune fair yet grant you many a day,
Her blessings plenteous heap, and rich upon each
head;

May the propitious fates of life spin out the thread
To a green age, and shine refulgent on your way.

But yet I grieve to hear a general murmur run,
And grow and multiply in our midst, O may it
bode no ill

To this, our lofty enterprise, by treachery to fill
Your hearts with dismal fears that would exclude the
sun.

It ill befits that warriors brave, who've dared so nobly,
fought so well

On many a field and every field, should fall a prey
to sickly fear;

Rise, comrades, show the powers of ill a mighty
army doth appear—

Yet, Doubt is written on each brow: its cause now let
each soldier tell.

FIRST SOLDIER.

A treasure island set in the deep sea

Have I, and by none other tenanted

Nor blooms its heaths and hollows but for me,

Nor showers its blossoms but to adorn my head.

The traveling tourist calls it lone and dead—

He scorns the solemn shore, the funeral wood:

Of present joy or comfort desolate;

For there the world's vast tumult is subdued

Into a slumberous sob which beats against its gate.

There I a stately palace did upraise,

Built for my soul's enchantment and delight;

By slow toil consecrate, and length of days,
And weary hope deferred from day to night;
And there, I said, no chill wind's breath shall
blight

My household idols, nor her peace destroy:
For earth then held no rarer, simpler store,
Than that my chiefest pleasure and my joy,
Should at my feet be found, flourish by my own
door.

My amber lakes with clear and lucid waves
Were furnished for the finny tribes beneath;
They take rich solace in those shallow caves:
Mid rocky clefts they shun the approaching death;
Shall I not thus escape contagion's breath
And live my life of ease innocuous,
So men may say of me, "Behold the man
Who cares not for our baubles, heeds not us?"
Such is his life that is attuned to nature's plan.

SECOND SOLDIER.

My father was Apollo's priest,
And, as his constant cares increased,
He often vowed that I should be
A sharer in his mystery:
His admonition in my breast
Beat down aught else, and I confessed
My mind from infancy was bent
To serve divine commandment.
Then came your levy, which, to fill
Men thronged with eager heart and will—
The best and bravest of the land:
The project faster grew than planned:

Robbed was the temple, court and shop—
The business bulwark and the prop :
The incense reaching now the gods
Is small, to me it makes less odds.

THIRD SOLDIER.

At home, I beat the ruddy gold :
The precious metal in my hand
Assumed a visioned shape, my mold
And forge are famed throughout the land ;
Coins for the king and drinking-cups,
Knives, forks and spoons I make and carve,
So that my sovereign when he sups
For plate and platter will not starve.

Two sons I have with flaxen hair
And light blue eyes, of tender years ;
They all the cares of business bear—
Yet is my heart oft vexed with fears
The work's too hard, respite too brief,
And that 'twere better unessayed ;
No father's hand affords relief,
Or joins them in their arduous trade.

FOURTH SOLDIER.

Last night, when stars were none or few,
And no moon lit the vault of heaven,
I stood on the deck, but my soul flew
Back to an isle of seven ;
To a spot where trailing ivy swept
O'er mossed sand-stone, to intercept
The light that half the long day crept
Slow up the beach where an orange-tree
Showered blossoms on the sea !

It formed a choice, a quiet bower,
A place for love's own feast;
We felt and owned its magic power—
My love and I—precious the hour
We passed as the year increased:
When bud and bell were bursting forth
By summer's solstice called to birth;
Our season chimed with all the earth,
At odorous eve, beside the tree
Showering blossoms on the sea!

The pearls in her cheek grew ruby-red,
Her beaded eyes more darkly flashed,
The colors burned out where they fed,
As with her finer soul they clashed;
Our fates to join, our hearts to wed,
The last night we stood there, I spread
A wreath of blossoms on her head—
The selfsame which that orange tree
Sheds showerlike on the sea!

But now my bride sits pensive, lone,
She knows not where to turn or look,
But gazes on each herb and stone
Fear-chilled and ague-shook;
Or, reads the oracles of the skies
In lines of doubtful destinies,
As her faint heart replies,
(She yet some hope would seize
From these celestial auguries):
“O, yet may meet our mutual eyes,
In seats beneath that orange tree
That watches by the sea!”

FIFTH SOLDIER.

I met my soul upon the giddy dance
Of pleasure, pomp and power;
I said, "Why do gay dreams and fairy hopes thy
powers entrance;
Why art thou thrall'd by the world's heartless
glance—
The passing hour."

The hour that pauses not its waves, nor breaks
Into one calm glad sea;
But murmurs fretfully, and froths, and takes
Fresh dazzle from the sun, glittering in formless lakes
Eternally.

That fixes with the limits of a law
The unchained mind;
That says: "Thus shall you walk with men, thus draw
Your heavenly sustenance, Truth without a flaw
Here you shall find."

Behold, the days gather themselves to years
For your delight.
The dews have changed to showers, the smiles to tears;
The hymns to wailing, and the hopes to fears,
The day to night:

The night again to day, the grief to joy,
Wailing to song;
The floods to rainbows, for the gods employ
Strange messengers, and heighten or destroy
The weak and strong.

Shall then the times which are men's ministers

Say: "So ye shall serve me?"

Or, waiting for our true place, accept hers?

Let nature answer, for she knows where stirs

The wandering bee.

Shall we let life's light music make us mad—

The praise of the world's men?

Shall we in turn be sorrowful or glad,

So men may say: "Whether he's light of heart or sad,

'Tis ours to ken?"

So mused I, and far from men's gaze

Sought out a still abode;

A calm philosopher to end my days,

Heedless, alike, of the world's blame or praise:

It's curb or goad.

So the pure light of reason yet would grant

One ray, I craved no more:

The joys for which inferior natures pant,

The gross indulgence and the sensual want:

I passed them o'er.

Thus, with a contemplation-nourished mind

I lived and worked and moved;

Amid these influences, learned to find

Peace, happiness, content, gold twice refined,

Conscience-approved.

SIXTH SOLDIER.

But one beam less of human,

But one ray more divine,

Thou hadst not long been woman;

Thou hadst not long been mine.

An angel fair had grasped thee
In skies, a mortal bride;
And mists of morn enclasped thee
With rainbows at thy side.

Through mortal lava dart thou,
It shall not harm thy head.
Thinkst dust and ashes art thou?
Claimst thou kin with the dead?

O breezy curls in blossom,
O summer-blooming cheek,
O calm and radiant bosom
That slumbers pale and meek;

Eyes that, transpiercing, thrill me,
Quivering in their strange light—
Soul that hath power to fill me,
Show me thy one delight.

A king of light and motion,
Of giant goddess born,
Holds he in air or ocean
A realm storm-tossed and torn?

Or, in some hidden chalice
Of flower-laded breath,
Where the deep dews' silver palace
Gives never a hint of death.

A race of strength immortal,
Drawn from some stronger sun,
To creation's farthest portal
Its life's red currents run.

PHOCION.

May not my fervor freeze thee
Who hear'st my plighted word;
Tell me I yet may please thee,
And others' songs unheard!

PHOCION.

Rest, Country Home, what sovereign, magic words!

What charming liquid notes, what solaced joy!
Sweeter than honey, or the songs of birds

Than any touch or tone our tongues employ,
To the world-wandering, rest-deserted soul,
Tossed restlessly, without hope or goal
Upon the angry surges of the world!

How is each daring project downward hurled,
When beats the heart up to the fevered brain

And pictures all the old home haunts again.
Brighter for Fancy's coloring finger-tips,

How is the day softer for the sun's eclipse,
The night more radiant for the waning moon,

And in the still wood when loud birds are mute,
The small bird's more appreciated tune

Sounds like mid jangling bells a shrill-voiced flute!
The field, the tent assume a sacred mien

Dart to more prominence than they ere have been,
And take the color of the higher life,

Shrined like some sea-king above pain and strife.

Without home, country, were patriot or king
More than a gay boast, a word-painted thing—

A name to live upon the lips and die,
Not a great cause to fight for and stand by?
With these, more precious still is duty's call,
For these we leave our homes and risk our all.
To me there was revealed a favored land

Of gold and silver, but, more rich, the soil
Pours forth her blessings with a plenteous hand,
And yields rich harvests with but little toil.
Even now we reach that harbor and that shore;
There will we rest—we will return no more,
But thither our children and our wives shall come;
To build a kingdom, and to found a home.
Shall we return, our project overthrow,
Or with this calm assurance onward go?

ALL OFFICERS.

We will go on,
And rest not till a fairer day shall dawn.

TOTORAN.

How swiftly moves our little boat
Through foam-flakes fleet advancing;
While fish and everything afloat
Are in the sunbeams dancing,
Their doubtful fortunes chancing!

PSYRAS.

And, straight ahead to the southwest
A cormorant, winged for plunder
Flies in swift haste and leads the rest,
That dart above and under,
Till the line breaks asunder.

CAPTAIN.

A fair, auspicious sign it is;
An omen for our guiding;
Pluck faith, O tired seamen from this
Last break in fate's dividing
Clouds, as we are riding!

PHOCION.

See, across the placid bosom of the sea a wealth of blossoms,

Pale cherry, red currant, and almond, olive-brown,
In an arrowy shower descending as the spring their
shoots unloosens.

A beam of summer sunshine they are gently sliding
down,

In a gleam of golden sunshine they are sliding to
the ground!

TOTORAN.

And the tall oak half forgets in the breeze to shake its
branches,

For the wind, it moves so slow, whether it goes,
whether it stays.

Who can say? The little wefts of bloom are fain to
take their chances,

Twinkle a moment and are lost in the gentle woody
ways,

Glimmer a brief space and are buried mid the heaps
of summer days.

PSYRAS.

And the straighter pine-tree nods against a sea of
blue, serenely

Whispering to that sea a passionate, transient tale
of love:

If earth and sod beneath its feet are green, yet no less
greenly

Mixes with the azure air a gaudy green above—

Mingle with the hyaline the pine-tops of that grove!

PHOCION.

Calm is the air, calm the earth, calm the sea, 'tis a
silent and slumbrous day,

'Tis a day for dream and prophecy, not a day for
battle and strife;

Though strong our hearts as ocean, steadfast as
Truth's pure ray,

We must loosen our spirit's toils, feel our pulses
flutter with life—

Shake off the drowsy spell of slumbrous, keen delight,
Diffused by the earth and the air, by the sun, the
moon and the stars.

'Tis ours to carve a way through the deep, make a
path through the nether night,

Of Fortune and Fate to burst the insensate bars,
And build us a name and a nation, and rear us such
prodigies,

By the earth they are unconfined, they shall seize
on the hoary skies

Their secrets to wrest by main force, and their strong
arm,

To enrich and ennoble the earth, and rescue the
weak from harm.

Till, throughout the world shall multiply the might of
our name,

So that all men may read by the light of their own
hearth fires,

And Justice, Liberty, our watchwords shall be, not
the sword and flame,

And a nobler fabric arise on the burned-out fanes
of our sires.

Ours, a truer life, a sublimer faith shall survive,

Of Plato, Socrates, Moses, nay, but of human-kind.

And Science shall bear her torch, and shall aid us as
we shall strive

For a juster equity, a purer art, a life less blind—
A life that is strong to uphold and cherish the works
of the mind.

TOTORAN.

The sun is playing 'round our prow, cheerily the
birds are singing,

To-day's a fair holiday, our other days to crown,
Hope sees our progress, sets the sail and starts the
breeze a-springing;

Our star is silvered o'er with light and dispossessed
its frown;

So high its sparkling front appears, it can not
twinkle down!

PSYRAS.

Now, winter's frost is o'er with us, 'tis spring's
eternal blooming:

There'll be rest and fair refreshment, there'll be
days of calm delight,

For the myriad-orbed heavens glow with light for our
illuming,

Making fire the air by day, and blazing through the
night—

And our course is ever onward, swifter than an
eagle's flight!

PHOCION.

Trust we not the light undoubting, fear we for the
way before us,

Though a thousand apparitions rise to overwhelm us in
the main?

Let our voices hundred-strong swell up in full-toned
chorus

To the gods that are our succor, to the gods that
endless reign,

And the eternal gods shall hear us, and will make
our dark way plain!

PSYRAS.

Our boat through silvery waves doth glide,

And swiftly wafts the moving tide

To a far foreign shore.

In light and gladness breaks the day

To guide us in our onward way,

While fairer than before,

A bow of promise bright sheds forth its clear and
serene ray.

In music rings the wilding breeze.

The birds sing softer melodies

To charm our listening ears.

From sun-kissed earth to fervid skies,

Their rapturous songs of praise arise,

Until the man who hears

Drops soft to slumbers deep, to dream of Paradise.

Then, waking from that blissful dream,

Sees naiads dancing in the stream,

And wonders whether this

Be true: the gods to earth have come,

To make again their pristine home.

Or, all a dream it is,

And he shall wake to find all changed 'neath heaven's
bright dome.

Shall wake again ere sinks the flame
Of day, and dying as it came,

So softly sink to rest.

And, as his last pale beams are shed,
Ask the night watchers where is fled

The glory of the west—

The fading crystal splendors that now lie cold and
dead!

But they shall rise again ere morn,
Although all cloudy and forlorn

The noontide's blaze appears—

And radiant hope again shall bring
To hearts grown cold, a glorious spring

To dwell through endless years,
And make an end of toil and suffering!

The splendors of the days that pass
Fade quickly as the flowers, alas!

That die and are forgot:

They blossom in the glorious day,
In summer make a transient stay,

Then, none may mark the spot
Where, withered, they lie dead—our hopes as dead as
they.

PHOCION.

Adown the golden summer air

The trees their generous blossoms shed
More radiantly bright and fair

For the clear splendor overhead
Illumining the tranquil main.

The towering grove, the wildering stream,
And in its gorgeous glow the plain
Seems bright as in a fairy dream.

Like wizard's spell, enchanting,
The mind it holds in thrall
Of wanderer, darkly haunting
Ancestral castle-hall

On some fair lake or ocean brightly gleaming
(Whose inmates wrapt in sleep, for centuries lay
dreaming).

Thus ever and anon
Soundeth the sea's low moan :
While the star of our destiny leadeth on and on.

PSYRAS.

And, in the calm and peaceful light
Of treasured ages and of suns,
The river, like a thread of white,
In the far distance, gleaming runs
To meet the sea, its precious freight
It bears from inland—spices rare.

And scent of orange blooms, that sate
Our senses, fill the burdened air—

And ever outward blowing,
From island heights of bloom ;
(Soft sounds are flowing, flowing,

And echo as they come,
Of the silvery waves as they dance to the measure
Of the loaded weight of their golden treasure) ;

And, ever and anon
Soundeth the sea's low moan :
While the star of our destiny leadeth on and on.

TOTORAN.

With the glow and heat of the summer-time
Nature again feels her pulses thrill :

Of her beauty she fashions an antique rhyme—

A poem of valley, dale and hill;

A song of the linnet and larkspur's chant:

The bee a sonnet turns to tune;

And, to her lover who comes to haunt

Her quiet glades, gives the heart of June.

In glory and in beauty

The meadows are arrayed,

Where bloom the lovely flowers

All in the somber shade;

Through the woodland the notes of the wildbird are
ringing

To charm all our hearts by his magical singing;

And, ever and anon

Soundeth the sea's low moan:

While the star of our destiny leadeth on and on.

PSYRAS.

Far away in some isle of the deep blue sea,

Whose race is as calm as its breezes free,

Where never a fear shall rise to vex,

Or toil or danger to deep perplex,

Where never shall sound war's rude alarms,

Or, pestilence stalk in hideous forms,

And sickness and death shall flee away

To colder climes and more dark than they—

Whose dusky warriors no more shall rise

With shouts of battle to rend the skies—

That pillows its head in the ocean foam,

We shall rest in our harbor and cease to roam;

Swiftly we glide o'er the ocean's breast

To drop our anchor and sink to rest,

Far from toil and danger and pain and thrall,

In our home, a fairer land than all!

TOTORAN.

In fairy music shall burst the trees,
And songs of praise ring on the breeze,
And never a note of discontent
Shall rise from our lips with that music blent,
And, as ever, in time's overflow
Of joys unnumbered we onward go,
To our favored land, to our ocean home,
In light and laughter shall break the foam,
And hope ride high on each bright wave-crest;
Soon we'll drop our anchor and sink to rest,
Far from toil and danger and pain and thrall,
In our home, a fairer land than all.

CAPTAIN.

Far away in some sun-kissed clime,
Where the weather is ever summer-time,
And nature is ever as fresh and gay
As the heart of India and far Cathay,
We shall bask in the shade of our orange-groves:
So lightly the boat o'er the water moves,
Ere the light of the glowing noontide flies,
And its flame in the crimson sunset dies
In reddening splendor across the west,
We shall drop our anchor and softly rest
Far from toil and danger and pain and thrall,
In our home, a fairer land than all.

PSYRAS.

As calm as the swallow
That pauses, then flies,
So the bright sunlight dances,
Glimmers and dies

In the break of the foam and the plash of the wave,
That rolls over many a mariner's grave.

TOTORAN.

As calm as the moonlight
That lures the day on,
So swiftly we hasten,
We glide and are gone
To the realms of achievement; we pause not nor rest;
While low sinks the sun in the glowing west.

*(A carrier-pigeon alights upon the vessel, and
PHOCION unloosens the message fastened about its
neck.)*

PHOCION.

My life was formed for lonely contemplation;
Far from men's busy haunts
I hoped to live in my appointed station
Exempt from jeers and taunts
Of those who envied me my avocation;
Then did I quickly seize the helm
Of state, the hope and savior of the nation:
Though they that spurned me from the realm
Would now recall, the pride and glory
Of our lost realm now to restore.
Though almost unbelievable the story,
The land is torn by factions sore;
A carrier-pigeon brought the message
How strife is waged from shore to shore;
Me they would welcome as the presage
Of peace and happiness once more.

ALL OFFICERS.

With joy we hear the mystic token
The bird hath brought; and not in vain

'Twas sent, for every word that's spoken
Re-echoes in our hearts again.
May Peace with fair white wings uplifted
To bless our land perpetual reign:
And happiness, deep and unbroken,
Dwell from mountain-coast to plain.

PHOCION.

Now speed the winds, and may our sails unfurled
Swift waft us onward to the unknown world;
Let the fair breeze, upspringing, bear us on,
And stars shine splendid when the sun is gone;
That we, though wretched mariners at sea,
Tossed on the briny ocean though we be
Some promise bright from heaven yet may crave,
And e'en implore the elements to save.
Let no foul wind uprise from frigid coast
To make us feel more forlorn, wrecked and lost;
To toss forever on the briny deep.
Let stars resplendent shine, their vigils keep
To light our progress o'er the watery way
And with their lamps to speed the coming day.

PHOCION. (*Describes a moonlight scene on the
Ægean Sea.*)

Softly the moonlight falls across the land,
Light as the zephyr wind that wanders out
From haunts far inland, and from coasts of doubt,
Where never step of man hath been, whose strand
Is wrapped and curtained in a purple mist,
Gorgeous as kingly robe, soft-hued as amethyst.
Where never breath of winter chill is borne,
But in whose silvery glades the summer long,

Birds of bright plumage make perpetual song,
To cheer the heart of him, perchance forlorn,
Who wanders there, beneath those summer skies
To listen night and day to those sweet melodies.

There, wrapped in music of the water-fall,
The air, and charm'd silence of the place,
He swift forgets the sorrows of his race;
By nature now so is he held in thrall,
Though he may wander back, grow worldly-wise,
He'll ne'er forget that music or those skies.

But cherish in his mind perpetual
The memory of a pleasure that is gone
Which like a bird of paradise hath flown;
Steeped in the cup of a mad bacchanal
He mournful sighs and wonders in his pain,
If the blest vision will return again.

In dreams of sadness then the whole night through,
His spirit wanders to the silent dell
Whose voice is mystery, but whose tones once fell.
Upon his spirit like a healing dew,
No light or music dances in the stream
And sadly, now, the silvery waters gleam.

For man who loves not nature overmuch
But loves himself the more, hath lost the power,
That moves his spirit in the silent hour
And keeps him with the universe in touch.
Though stars and planets spread their mystic scroll
In living light, still all unmoved his soul.

He reads not in the stars his destiny;
No high ambition stirs his life like flame;

Unseen the exalted messenger who came
Down to his soul, the glory of the skies;
Quenched is the pride and fervor of his youth,
And warped by prejudice the light of truth.

But nature for her lover hath a book
Wiser than seer or scholar who of old
From rustic reed or papyrus didst unfold
Those truths the minds of saints and martyrs shook,
Till, in their souls, they felt they'd rather die
Than yield of it the veriest atomy.

But lo! the moon her golden beams now throws
Again o'er sea and land without a cloud
To mar her coming, as though grown proud
Of her night dominion, to overflow
The earth with radiance like some wizard's wand
That held a nation's destiny in its hand

And then doth loose it on the silvery seas
To turn to melody the rippling waves
Whose music rises now above the graves
Of hopes we left behind, steeping the trees
On the far bank with splendors yet more bright
For all the golden glory of the night!

Our home is not on thee! O ocean vast,
We seek a home beyond the stormy main,
And, rising from our fallen states again,
The pain and glory leaving of the past,
Press forward in the hope of other days
With stronger purpose 'cross thy watery ways.

So nature is all music, and the tide
That ebbs and flows seemeth a rippling song
That cheers our souls with music the night long;
A living hope and purpose strong doth bide
Still in our hearts, though restless and oppressed
With wild unrest, to seek the realms of rest.

TOTORAN.

Now we approach the rocks which guard the strait:
Safely through these, success opes wide her gate.

PHOCION. (*Apostrophe to the Rocks.*)

Ye bare-faced pinnacles! ye lofty rocks!
How many ages have ye in this place
Withstood the tempest and the whirlwind's shocks,
Poised in mid-air above your steadfast base?
Your summits clasped with snow, we scarce can see,
Stretched in interminable length into
The highest heaven serene, and yet feel we
Beside your state we are as morning dew,
Dissolving on the grass as the sun shines through!
Ye aged rocks, with crag jutting to crag,
Of dangerous, dizzy height, what mighty hand
Didst touch ye into life, at whose command
Were ye upreared? What god did drag
His sceptre over you, and forth upsprung
A mountain of huge rock in thin air hung?
Ye mountain rocks, who were your contemporaries?
These groves of cedar, the spruce-tree and the oak?
Held ye communion with their nymphs and fairies
Here in the still wood ere the first dawn woke,
And from their young-twigg'd limbs bird-music
broke?
No, ye are older than this forestage;
Your only childish mate was the round earth;

Your sustenance the, as now, invisible air;
The heavens stretched above you alone could gauge
Your summit's height, were present at your birth,
When ye first stood treeless, chill and snowy-bare,
Upon your broad-based, rotund mountain-stair!
Even in the day when there was no time—
Only existence for sun and star;
No beast, no bird, no fish in the ocean-slime;
No, herb, no plant, nor any creeping flower;
No breath of active, warm expanding life
Descending in the soft-shed vernal shower;
Even then you touched heaven's elemental tower,
And watched unscathed the winds and waves at
 strife!
How many men have come and passed away
For your great eyes there to look down upon!
Changeless ye are, and calmly ye survey
The present race until it too is gone!
Now will you lord it over us, now make us feel
Our fortunes are as fickle as the wind?
That dark adversity our souls will steal
From happier chance that fain would lurk behind?
And will your frowns the untried ocean-waste
People with phantom terrors as we ride?
Shall we proceed with all unseemly haste
Towards the place where no good doth abide—
The home of desolation and the wail
Of wife and child that wait us o'er the way?
O have you left us for the bitter waves
To sport with, for our hearts are sick and sore?
Shall we make our last mansion and our graves
With whales and fishes on the salt-sea shore?
Or do you lift your hands up there to bless,

And bring relief from this dire restlessness?
 O may our helm and rudder both avail
 To guide us to the portals of the day!
 O lead us by your tranquilizing light
 Unto fair day through this untimely night!

(They pass the Rocks.)

PHOCION.

Now comrades all, all danger past,
 Let us the passing hours employ,
 Improve the moments while they last,
 And give a zest to present joy;
 Now let the Poet with his sacred fire,
 The muse invoke, and sound the tuneful lyre.

POET.

With your permission, King, I would present
 For your delight, an improvisèd play;
 'Twill cheer, perhaps, our tedious banishment—
 Beguile the time upon our weary way.

PHOCION.

The play! Let there be no end to joy;
 To serve the present hour, their talents all employ.

[POET arranges to produce an impromptu play, entitled, "THE CORONATION OF DIDO," the sailors reciting the leading parts. Meanwhile, a strong breeze increases the motion of the boat, and there is the appearance of an approaching tempest.]

THE CORONATION OF DIDO.

PROLOGUE—CHORUS.

Ho! See the maskers slipping by;
 All gaily dressed they blithely come;
 Crowned is King Mirth and Jollity,
 Nor are the noisy revelers dumb.

With mirth, with laughter rippling light
Now they the sportive measure run;
The sager spirits do not slight
The mystic dance, but join the fun.

All grief and bale they fling away,
And wheel and turn in festive sort,
For all are glad and free to-day,
When warmed with wine and generous sport;

And see both old and young advance,
And no one in the measure halts:
No trouble mars the mystic dance:
The prude in candor picks no faults.

See how yon soldier stout and bold,
With wizened features old and grey,
Forgets a moment he is old,
So easily he trips away;

And that sea-captain as he leads
A princess of an ancient race:
In sooth, he better far succeeds
That you or I would in his place!

DIDO.

Three days across the stormy main,
Our army squadrons swept the seas,
And blood was strewn upon the plain,
And wails were borne upon the breeze
Of cities overthrown, the sight
Of warring factions plunged in flight!—

[*The skies grow darker and the tempest increases. Part of the crew desire the play discontinued, but PHOCION endeavors to calm their fears. After a hur-*

ried consultation of crew and officers, they decide to listen to the conclusion.]

SPY.

The skies grow dark,
And threaten destruction to our fragile bark.

A SAILOR.

Would I were in my own, my native land:
Then never would I leave that blissful strand!

KING.

The play! the play!
Let all keep light hearts to-day!

(They continue the play.)

DIDO.

Three days before a wintery gale
Our sailors rowed, till "Land at last!"
They said, "We will no longer sail:"
Then, speedily, an anchor cast.

"Behold a land of fair delight!"
The Tyrians cried with hearts of cheer;
"What golden fields rise on our sight;
There is no dearth of plenty here!"

And: "See the walls of Carthage rise!
Here will we make our ocean-home;
Could Sichaeus see with living eyes,
His spirit would no longer roam."

"Before our sight a gorgeous plain:
What myriad features crowd our day!
As from the distant mountain-chain
The morning-splendors roll away!"

OFFICER.

To Dido, queen, the heavens lent
Their light to cheer our banishment.
For weary days we roamed the main
Where tempests blew and beat in vain;
Yet all in vain the muttering host—
Winds wilder blew, we felt all lost;
Seemed all in vain our prayers to rise:
No wings bore upward to the skies—
And all in vain our tears to move
The sovereign ears of mighty Jove.
Relinquished hope no promise brought:
Forlorn we mourned our cheerless lot:
Then Boreas' breezes ceased to blow,
And all was peace and calm below;
Calmed was the storm by fate's decree,
And silence wrapped the slumbering sea.
Great Jove in pity then restores us
And plenteous blessings scatters o'er us.
Soon we behold 'neath sunny skies
A splendid city fair arise,
Such acres doth the ox's hide
Cover, that kingdoms far and wide
It far outshone across the foam—
Old ocean by which we are come;
No wars to vex, with purchase peace,
All strife and conflict bidding cease—
No cares to grieve, fears to annoy—
This day we give to sacred joy
When Carthage rises fair to rival Tyre and Troy—
(*The skies grow darker, and a hurricane lashes the
sea into fury. The moon appears covered by a thin
veil as of blood.*)

PHOCION.

Give o'er the play,
And let the PILOT watch well the way.

OFFICER.

Before us dashes a hurricane wind,
And the thick wave rises dark behind.

A SAILOR.

How angry is nature's mood!
See the black waves rise,
Plunging up to the skies,
Where the moon is turned into blood!

ANOTHER SAILOR.

How the vessel rocks and reels
Like a drunken sailor's dream.
And mine eyes grow dim
As I stand on the rim
Of the ship, and my heart no longer feels
Being lost in the sullen stream.

(Ashes begin to fall around the vessel.)

THIRD SAILOR.

Now the skies grow black, a fearful wrack
Of the fate that lurks behind,
And an ashen sleet rains down at my feet
Through the sails that are tossed by the wind.

(PHOCION, CAPTAIN and OFFICERS retire to the cabin, where they eat and drink to beguile the time, and to render them insensible of danger,)

SAILOR (Above).

The King and officers, O horrid woe,
Are eating meat and drinking wine below.

ANOTHER SAILOR. (*Who has just returned from the cabin.*)

O could the sight my eyes believe.
Here in the midst of our distress,
The crew their miseries to relieve,
Are feasting off the sailors' mess.

THIRD SAILOR.

A sudden fever fills my blood,
For while my prayers to heaven are fleeting,
The Captain and his crew below
Are in the cabin eating,
Our horrid fate completing.

FOURTH SAILOR.

Now the stars in mad commotion
Dart above, beyond an ocean
Of the ether's crests,
And the four winds' nests.
Now an hundred fateful scourges
Chase the world's wild mirth to dirges:
Dirges for the glad day
That hath passed away.

Of this fateful day of warning,
Far beyond the reach of scorning,
Men shall say, 'twas told us true
What we should do.

But the day not then was breaking
That now us is overtaking:
It hath come, now we can spell
Out its warning well.

Hark! The spheres to soul-entrancing
Music in mad raptures dancing,
Say in thunder-tones to earth,
'Tis the last of mirth.

But the weakest, still unheeding,
And the strongest them outspeeding.
Fill the day and fill the night
With the blackest blight.

They are drinking, and the clinking
Of their glasses, and the blinking
Of their horrid, horrid eyes,
And their maudlin cries

Make the men of faith to wonder
Fools should laugh, when wise men ponder,
Or the light of mirth should lie
In the cold bleared eye.

(Officers return to the deck.)

CAPTAIN.

Even the heavens that are ministers
Of justice have combined their sovereign powers
To our destruction: dark the tempest lowers:
Thus nature punishes man who errs!
How like a sword now angry blows the wind,
To every element by fate resigned,
What crime was ours that they should torture thus?
Our prayers ascend in vain: in vain our tears:
We who the ridicule of all coming years
Have ventured all at our life's fearful cost,
The seamen loudly wail: "All's lost, all's lost!"

The wind at morn that lightly moved our prow
Seemeth a fiend to vex and torture now.

A SAILOR.

Now the tempest is lowering,
Our hopes downward burying,
While fast-flying clouds grow portentous and black,
As the waves rolling higher
From each crest's bright spire
In the distance we measure the vessel's track.

TOTORAN.

Seer, mighty man of magic, speak!
Can'st thou this vile enchantment break?
If in thy magic book and wand
Be any virtue, O command
The winds and waves and elements
This boiling caldron deep that vents
Its wrath in hideous meanings, say
Can aught dispel our lunar day?
Could'st thou of hope but shed one ray,
'Twere welcome, though but little worth;
If power be thine, then show it forth.
From many a court and tether borne
By fate and heaven, rougher than
The savage beast or savage man,
Shall we find peace where all seems lost,
Landing on some sun-kissed coast
Where never toil shall come again,
And ne'er is felt the touch of pain,
Basking for aye in verdant groves
Whose shade the hamadryad loves
Where nature hums a livelier tune
Than colder climes, seems ever June;

The land of peace the prophecy
Hath shown, of great prosperity;
Or, shall the waves untimely force
Our ship from its projected course
To barren realms and regions dark
As Hades? Whither drifts our bark?

SEER.

My prophecies to you were given first,
O Totoran, to know more no man durst,
The fates at no one's call or bidding come,
'Tis theirs to give or take, to save or strike with terror
dumb!

TOTORAN.

O life, art compassed in so small a chain—
And life so often filled with grief and pain—
O grave, that swallowest all our warriors slain!
Must I, the second of our warrior band,
Next only to our chieftain in command,
Relinquish all, is hope, ambition lost?
Must dark destruction bury all our host,
Pressing us downward in the Stygian night,
Leaving for hope no ray to cheer, no bow of promise
bright?

SEER.

I have said:

Yet thou, alone, Totoran, are not accursed;
The tempest now, has almost reached its worst;
But darkness soon shall fall on Phocion's head.

TOTORAN.

In vain our prayers to heaven arise,
Clouds darker lower, grow blacker skies,



“Seer, mighty man of magic, speak!
Canst thou this vile enchantment break?”

Winds wilder blow, soon o'er our host
Black waves shall roll, while wilder tossed
Than e'er before, each life atones
In its own doom fate's feaful cost.
Our bones shall bleach on a desert shore
Where the sea moaneth deep and evermore
The ocean billows roll perpetual,
And waves' thick sobs shall sound our funeral,
Ringing our knells from shore to ocean's caves

Whose waters deep shall roll for aye above our graves.
In vain to heaven we raise our suppliant hands:
We die, we die, in alien lands!

PSYRAS.

The vultures that go screaming 'round their prey
Shall pause as they wing their onward way,
To scent each carcass that lies bare,
Exposed to the weather and salt-sea air;
And as upon each they prey and feed,
They shall lose for mortal flesh their greed
From surfeit, and disgorge upon some coast
Far away; all hope is lost;
In vain to heaven we raise our suppliant hands:
We die, we die, in alien lands!

ALL.

In vain to heaven, we raise our hands:
We die, we die, in alien lands!

OFFICER.

Hist! what sound's that in the waters dark?
Was't drowning sailor's voice, or seadog's fearful
bark?

ANOTHER SAILOR.

Arise, sailors, arise!
Can we not find deliverance from fate's sorceries?

*(The vessel now enters the realm of Chaos, or
Primeval Night, through which it had been proph-
esied it must pass before its final delivery. Voices
of spirits in the darkness.)*

FIRST VOICE.

The days grow bright as the smooth years turn,

And the flower is scarce touched by the wandering
bee;

Ere noon, we may drink from a poisoned urn:

Then, let our libations be large and free;
While the red rose purples its life away,
And the white lily yields its breath to the day.
Let us drink from the cup that is half divine
Life's red wine!

The days grow dark as the rough years turn,

The flower is withered, the joy is past;
And our lips grow pale and our eyelids burn
At the wrecks that on time's dim vale are cast—
A woe beyond the sphere'd tomb;
A grief when the heart can not yield it room,
Makes a false light where the sun doth not shine
Of life's red wine!

SECOND VOICE.

Hear ye the beautiful song—the song

Of butterfly, bird and bee?

All nature assists its notes to prolong,

And makes it a memory

Of earth and air, and the green land fair,

And the rise and fall of the sea.

Hear ye the wonderful song—the song

The world-stars are singing to me?

'Tis a portion of that to which all things belong,

And of endless diversity:

From the rising swell of a full-toned bell

To its dying monotony.

THIRD VOICE.

As the flash of a meteor

Smit in mid-sky,

So man is but born
And he lives but to die.

He laughs in the morning,
He smiles at the noon,
Ere evening, he saith:
"The shades lengthen soon."

But the night cometh on
And he falls on his face —
Then know him shall no one;
None point to his place.

As the drift and the stubble
That's cast at my feet,
So is the life-journey
Of man, when complete;

On the broad sea of life
He floats here and there,
His dark coast a doubt,
His end a despair:

Unknown, unlamented,
He builds him a grave
Where the water-fowl lispeth
A barren sea-stave.

FOURTH VOICE (*Of a disembodied Spirit.*)

I faint on the banks of my lilies and roses:

They were laid in rare sleep on the lips of the lawn;
Now my spirit's wings flutter where daylight reposes,
They flutter and fail as the day's cloud uncloses,
And long for the fair, distant dews of the dawn.

The sun newly risen shines clear through my prison;
Through pearl and through coral his slant beams
are sent—

But his feet are too slow, and his breath is a poison,
And he makes but a feint of amusing with noise in
The which the mad stars and the mad moon are
blent.

They blend in mad dance all their tears and their
laughter:

They smile and the world's in her happiest June;
They groan, and their groans are fast echoing after,
Through circle and arch, from pillar to rafter,
Proceed the notes of the doleful tune

I faint on the banks of my lilies and roses

The planets are talking of things so strange
That my rapt ear waits to hear what the close is,
Then drops to a languorous sleep, and deep dozes,
Wrapt in the forms of a wondrous change!

They tell me a bright or a tear-stained story,

Of thrones and sceptres and pearly seas
Where men fight for gold, and swim for glory,
Till their locks grown grey, and old and hoary
Drop off to poison the innocent breeze.

They say that where envy and scorn and malice,

And heavy passion and bitter pain
Fill all cups full, that the ghastly chalice
Is brewed in the cot and stewed in the palace,
And their lips shall wither its red drops stain.

I faint on the banks of my lilies and roses,
An upspringing breeze wakes the mid-Autumn
lark;
A charm, an enchanter, a magic encloses
My soul with a breath that is sweeter than roses—
I linger too long 'twixt the light and the dark.

Behold! the fair sun in the fair dawn is burning,
Bring pearls from the seashore, drag gems from the
sand;
Draw ripely the sweets of ripe flowers past returning
As gifts to Apollo while the god's feet are spurning
The red-litten rests of his golden strand.

He is come, a bright pilot, to waft me thither—
He is come: I awake; he is come: it is strange.
I ask him not whence, I question not whither:
'Tis the selfsame power that conveyéd me hither
Wrapt in the forms of a wondrous change.

Here is strong wood for his bow and light wood for
his quiver;
Here are songs for his lips, he shall sing them once
more.
Will he linger a brief space, the bleak mountains
shiver,
And swiftly and glad glides the gathering river;
In dreams I think I have been here before!

FIFTH VOICE.

Sleep and Death dwelt together from the year of the
world's great morning:
Together they dwelt, breathing the same air, the
same light;

One fair as the dawn, her bosom with rich pearls
adorning:

The other dark as the tomb and clothed in shades
of night.

NEMESIS summons FATES, FURIES, DESTINIES, etc.

VOICES OF FATES.

Through the depths of ether ranging

Over every land and sea,

We unchanged, though all is changing,

Weave the web of destiny.

CLOTHO.

I weave the web of human fate,

And as each scattered thread I bind,

The mourner sits disconsolate

While blessings shower down on mankind.

Each separate human destiny

I hold within my little hand:

By various arts each one to try—

With grief or joy at my command.

Each little soul to toss and vex,

Filled with the brood of bitter care:

The statesman's mind to deep perplex

With systems vast—and thin as air.

The poet's, scholar's lore I give

To man, and all to each assign—

They but a moment breathe and live,

Whilst I reign endless and divine.

LACHESIS.

To me it is assigned to mould
Each part that forms the mystic whole,
The world's wide history to unfold
Within each living human soul!

To animate the hero's breast
With strong resolve his part to play;
Lover to seek with vague unrest
Love's image in a form of clay.

To all of one great family,
To each and all 'tis mine to give
His various shape and destiny,
That each within his sphere may live.

To aim the sober shaft of Truth.
Arm Justice with a lifted sword,
And kindle in the pulse of youth
The nobleness of deed and word.

ATROPOS.

I hold aloft the fatal shears
Which, swift descending, cut life's thread:
I rule the seasons and the years,
And guard the living and the dead.

For me nor prayers nor tears avail
To change th' unalterable decrees:
The proudest warrior waxes pale
When I draw nigh, and turns and flees.

Tremble, ye men of fallen earth:
Quake, mountains, when my voice ye hear:

For ye and all of stellar birth
But bide the time when I appear.

Expectant, dread, the sons of men
Await the hour of parting breath,
Fearing the final summons when
I call them to the realms of death.

CHORUS OF PARCAE.

Weave we life's mystic web to-day;
The threads 'mid wild discord are lost:
Some ghostly mariners drift this way,
By fears perplexed, and tempest-tossed.

ALECTO.

To regions of the dead and dark
'Tis ours to bear the souls of men,
When perished is life's vital spark
Ne'er to be revived again!

MEGAERA.

Like shadows all ye sons of earth
Breathe for a day, then quickly fled:
Ere ye behold your glorious birth,
Your life is gone, your light is dead.

TISIPHONE.

Lives aught of earthly frame or dust
That can survive the closing tomb?—
The lives of men our sacred trust;
Nature restore to nature's womb.

CHORUS OF EUMENIDES.

We guard the mystic portal
'Cross the dark Lethean streams,
And pilot man immortal
Through a wilderness of dreams.

FIRST DESTINY.

From the spring and the rill
 Of the hills and the mountains:
 He drinks to his fill
 Who takes from my fountains.

SECOND DESTINY.

From caverns and rocks,
 Cave, desert and den,
 Far from earth's rude shocks,
 I will lead him again.

THIRD DESTINY.

He shall quaff from the springs of the hills and the
 mountains,
 That flow from my rills and that gush from my foun-
 tains.

CHORUS OF DESTINIES.

We shape all human destinies,
 We rule through countless years,
 And all in vain man's tears and sighs,
 His sighs and prayers and tears,
 Our quenchless thirst for lives to slake:
 Our strong, unyielding purpose shake.

(Nemesis summons the Spirits of Hercules, Prometheus and Athena, illustrating the forces of Strength, Motion or Activity and Thought in the progress of the world.)

NEMESIS.

Three Sovereign Spirits from the abyss I call
 For Strength, Action, Thought, most renowned of all;
 First I summon from his Elysian abode
 He who to heaven on the whirlwind rode
 In strength, next to a god, himself almost a god.

HERCULES.

First of created things came primal Force
Which winged the heavenly bodies in their course;
Next primal law in straighter circuits bound
In concentric rings the planets whirl around,
Until at last the complex systems stand
The mighty work of the Creator's hand.

NEMESIS.

The second form I summon to appear
Is he who for man drew fire from the heavenly
sphere.

PROMETHEUS.

When earth arose from chaos fresh and warm
Nature did first the plastic atoms form
In compact union; from year to year
To full perfection grew the rounded sphere;
By motion the starry planets come and go,
By motion the tides alternate ebb and flow,
Till nature grew to finish what she began,
Through various stages ending all with Man;
His last best gift I gave him light and heat,
And little left his happiness to complete;
Yet he, O race accursed, the latest born
Of time has turned my choicest gift to scorn;
Lured by ambition and the love of fame
To forge a fire to counterfeit my flame,
That thou with peace an alien to thy breast,
Should roam the world in vain in quest of rest;
Yet think'st thou thus all perils to escape?
Or all the ills which prey in human shape?
Now see o'er the world men fighting fire with fire,
Quenching heaven's radiance with earth's base desire.

NEMESIS.

Last she for wisdom and the arts renowned
Whose praise the muses and all men resound.

ATHENA.

I have swayed through countless ages
The wide empire of the mind;
Force and Strength by Thought subduing
I have brought to aid mankind,
Wisdom of the ancient sages,
Blessings of the fruitful years,
For my left hand rules the seasons,
And my right supports the spheres.

NEMESIS.

Over the wide world you have roamed and nothing
gained;
Renounce ambition, only thus can peace and pardon
be obtained.

PHOCION.

Pride, Avarice, Greed, I renounce them all,
And only seek to save those on whom the bolts of
wrath may fall.

(PHOCION causes his companions to take the oath
of absolution. Nemesis now transfers the ship again
to the ocean where the storm is still raging.

(PHOCION, Impressed by the grandeur of the ob-
jects about him, moralizes upon Life, Death and Im-
mortality.)

Why fear we to die,
To leave this life of mortal breath,
And take our places in the halls of death,

To pierce the riven sky,
And dwell serene in unapproachèd majesty;
Gathered with the sceptred throng
By the tide of the centuries borne along
And the flood of unnumbered years?
From doubts and hopes and fears

A gorgeous web is wove,
And through the perilous flood appears
The arm of sovereign Jove.

Why fear we to die?
Behold! the serene sky,
The earth, the air shall vanish like a scroll;
When comes the last great day
Each, all shall pass away,
And darkness cover earth from pole to pole!
There, gathered in one spot
They perish and are not.
They die, no saving hand salvation brings;
Creation groans and sighs,
And nature's thousand eyes
Weep at the general wreck of earthly things!

Why fear we to die?
Lo! all mortality
Shares in the general desolation brought.
When nature's fires too cold
To warm the earth, grown old,
Shall perish in the ravage they have wrought,
Is life confined within such ample round
We dread the warning sound
Which calls us from our earthly haunts away!
Were life not filled with pain and grievous woe
Then we might fear to go;

In midst of pleasure and of mirth,
Among the jovial crowd,
The mind clings tenderly to earth,
Fearful the pall and shroud.
At home the dreadful thought
Of death no pleasure brought;
And e'en the warrior bold,
Whom glory doth enfold,
Clings eagerly to life and fears the grave
In battle lifts his voice for some kind hand to save.
But unto us, tossed in the briny deep,
Death were a blissful sleep,
And the dark death angel
Were a bright evangel,
Calling from pain and misery sore
To rest evermore!

Though cold in death our bodies lie,
It can not chill the soul:
To live again is not to die,
And death is not the goal
We strive for, but a home above,
And higher realms our strength shall prove.

To die is but to live
In wider kingdoms than our birth;
Forever they that strive
Have larger conquests than this earth;
Who rules his spirit strong subdues
The powers the stellar worlds infuse.

And he who rules below
And shapes for man the perfect law,

His wisdom farther yet shall go
To mend creation's flaw:
In wider realms than time and space
His power shall bless a kindred race.

And when in some coming age of time
When the vast earth is stirred with strife:
We to more glorious heights shall climb
And reach a higher life in life
When the world's cycle is complete
And earth shall melt with fervent heat.

Born of a more heroic mould
Than common mortals be,
To us creation doth unfold
Its manifold destiny:
In happier climes, mid radiant spheres
To rule and reign through endless years.

(Apostrophe to the Ocean.)

Ocean, gray monarch of the world of time,
Beneath thy breast the fires of centuries sleeping,
Ruler of every country, every clime,
Thy constant course for ages calmly keeping;
Though lava-beds of fire
Dart higher and ever higher
Within earth's livid heart,
Still all unmoved thou art:
Still rollest on in matchless majesty:
An image we of Time, thou of Eternity!

Though no prow cleave thy cheerless waste
And no ship plough thy watery way,
Thou art the same, and onward haste,
Thro' regions of the night and day;

Thro' times and tides, and heedest not
The cry of man who sinks beneath
Thy wave that rises dark to blot
Him in thy breast, to sink to endless death!
Implacable, insatiate,
Spirit of wind and cloud,
Thou mockest at his weakling state
And foldest in thy shroud,
To lie in dark obscurity,
To all futurity,
Clothing in mantle dim the husks of his mortality!

Ocean, if calm or rough thy billows roll,
If high as Alpine heights thy waves ascend,
Or sink to nether depths the human soul,
And thus to life dost bring a dreary end—
If power be given thee, or force
The unchained elements to bind—
The regions of the dumb and blind:
Still not immortal mind—
Tho' black waves plunge below,
Our bodies overthrow,
Our souls in their unseen course
Shall rise serene above space and time,
And from an earthly grave ascend to heaven's heights
sublime!

PSYRAS—*Addressing the Ocean.*

Gray old ocean,
That with billowy motion
Shroudest all our hopes upon thy foam:
Art more unkind
Than wintry wind,
Condemning us to wander and to roam!

Calm old ocean
That with rippling motion
At morn so gaily wafted 'cross the foam,
Thou art more unkind
Than wintry wind
Condemning thus to wander and to roam.

Strong old ocean,
That with restless motion,
Buriest all our hopes upon thy breast:
Never below
Is surcease of woe,
But we must wander sick, oppressed, distressed

A SAILOR. (*singing.*)

Comrades and brothers all
That soon beneath the pall
Of death will lie, your spirits no longer soar;
But are depressèd quite
In melancholy night,
Far from the land that we shall see no more.

Comrades of our command,
All ye of Phocion's band,
The light winds kiss the waves, the waves the shore:
Yet waft they no perfume
From the gardens in their bloom
Of our loved land that we shall see no more.

Far from our ocean home
Condemned for aye to roam
The wave of light that kisses that glad shore
Presages no return
To the heather-blooming bourne
Of our loved land that we shall see no more.

ALL.

No more, no more, no more!
Of our loved land that we shall see no more!

(A shout bursts from below, King falls.)

A SAILOR.

He dies, he dies!
See the thick foam rise
To his lips where he lies,
And a watery scum to his eyes!

PSYRAS.

Mighty Potentate,
Once so proud and great,
Ruler of earth, how art thou fallen low!
In whose glowing face
Once shown angel-grace:
With grief we mark fate's swift-descending blow!

And should the storm
Work weal or harm
To us, thou of our life art still a part:
Guiding by love
In heaven above
When outward beats thy restless, panting heart.

Green waves by thy shroud
A summer cloud
Thy canopy, and ocean be thy bed;
And thy dirge the note
Of the creaking boat,
As we bewail our mighty Chieftain dead!

(King Recovers.)

Draw round me once again, while I relate
How by stratagem I seized my brother's realm,
And, arming all the bulwarks of the state,
I ruled with wild ambition at the helm.

This is the cause that vexing sea and land
Impelled by fate the wave and tempest rose.
And driven far by heaven's avenging hand
We wrestled with an ocean-host of foes.

Soon will the remorseless fates my sin requite
How quickly can the gods withdraw the breath
They have given when lost in realms of night
My soul shall plunge and sink to endless death.

And, yet, no sooner, desire satisfied,
Than I, by some strange fury repossessed,
Fitted a ship to brave the ocean wide,
And started hither on a barren quest,

You bearing company (and most am I
Distressed that grief should come to you through
me:

Were I alone the sufferer, I should try
To bear my burden with a spirit free).

Awhile the wind set fairly in our sail,
Our quest to prosper seemed: our hearts were glad;
Then darkness came, and through a misty gale
We drave to death with hopeless hearts and sad.

(*King falls. Suddenly the darkness disappears.
King stirs.*)

A SAILOR.

Soft!—he stirs!
And speak ye in a whisper, lest he die!

To silence sinks the sea : the tide ebbs out :

And softly as to a winged zephyr whirrs

Its silvery pinions downward, lo, on high
A space of crystal blue!—ring out, wild shout
And swift proclaim the message : we are free!

Ring out to rocks and mountains, ne'er be still!
The storm doth no more vex, a blessed calm
Falls on our spirits like a healing balm.

Let every plain and hill,
Let mountains ring, and let not earth be dumb—
Let all proclaim the message : we are come,
Not suddenly—but as through foam-flakes white
Of fleecy clouds struggles the pale sunlight,
Then in a flame of splendor bursts more bright.
For pent-up heavens—so shines to-day
Our star of hope with clear and serene ray.

*(The fates have been appeased, and with joy the
sailors behold their own land. King recovers, and all
join in a pean of joy.)*

ALL.

And let our voices heavenward ring
For all the blessings than this day doth bring.

A SAILOR.

What Kingdom's this that bursts upon my sight?

ANOTHER SAILOR.

'Tis the selfsame that we left yesternight.

THIRD SAILOR.

Upon my soul, we will no farther go :

'Tis the same soil our feet trod years ago.

ALL.

Now let our voices heavenward ring
For all the blessings that this day doth bring.

FOURTH SAILOR.

We have gone but in a circle 'round,
And now, at last, our own loved land have found.

SAILORS (*Singing.*)

Once again, our voices ringing
In glad raptures upward flinging
Prayer and praises to the gods of heaven that guided
us thus far,
Hail the land of youth and gladness;
Now shall be an end to sadness:
Ere our lives shall end in madness,
We will anchor in that bar.

Here, at last, our quest is ended:
Hither have our worn steps tended,
Thro' the rocks and thro' the billows: through a sea
of wrath and foam;
Soon the fires will be relighted
On our hearts the troths replighted
And all hearts will be united
In the joy of reaching home.

Blooms the meadow, waves the heather,
Pleasant in the summer weather
Glow the sunlit isles of peace beneath the morning
sun's bright rays;
Ruby lips will be to greet us,
Willing feet will come to meet us,
Loving hearts will rise to beat us
Time to peans of glad praise!

(*They land.—The messenger of Cyrus, who had been watching for the arrival of the ship, goes aboard.*)

MESSENGER.

With joy we greet the soldiers of our realm;
Know thou, O Phocion, that thy brother lives:
He lives and rules with justice at the helm:
Thee welcome again into his kingdom gives.

The murderous hands that plotted for his life
Failed of their purpose, for in his dark cave
A faithful subject severed with a knife
The withes that bound him and releasement gave.

Once freed, quickly his kingdom he repossessed.
His subjects aiding—save a faithless few—
But sad misgivings, still, his soul oppressed:
His generous heart, even then was turned to you!

When you have safely landed he will send
Welcome to you and all your sea-tossed host.
And we would hear your trials at an end,
What toils you passed through since you left this
coast.

PHOCION *is overcome with emotion by his brother's generosity, but relates the story of his adventure, after which all go ashore.*)

PHOCION.

A brother's love no more will I distrust
Till earth return unto its kindred dust.

[THE END.]

**II.—Poems on Various
Occasions.**

1903.

Changeless.

If ever Old Age take delight in surveying
The haunts of the Youth and the home of the Child,
Then, surely he'll pause where his young footsteps
straying

Have been on the banks of the brooklet beguiled;
And there to his view the clear waters are playing
As limpid, as cheerful, as all undefiled—
Where the sunbeams glance sparkling or the shadows
lie darkling,
E'en the fish are as careless, as frisky and wild.

Perhaps he may mark where the wildbird is winging
Its flight o'er the meadow when springtime is near,
Or list to the sonnet the sparrow is singing,
With its cheery wee twitter like the clarion clear,
But most the wild notes of the whippoorwill ringing
Recall the memories that life holds most dear,
And oft as he ponders its song he still wonders
If 'tis the same song once his heart leapt to hear.

But where are the friends who in life's first endeavor
Once smiled on his path—are they gone with the
stream?
Are they vanished away to be seen again never,
Or lost in the depths where the dark waters gleam?
Both constant and changeless is Nature forever,
'Tis Man that seems born of a phantasy's dream,
He is bound by a tie no mortal may sever
From his tent-life on earth to his home, the su-
preme.

Willoughby Lake.

The storm-cloud stretched over Willoughby Lake
And its swift-flying heralds are passing before;
The crest of the billows are bristling to break
As the little low waves wash the sand from the
shore;
For abroad in the raven-black field of the night
Are forming the glistening columns of snow;
There the minions of nature lie silent and white
Awaiting the call that shall bid them to go.
And never one falters, each dauntlessly stands
The cold of the clouds in its crystalline hands;
Now their crests are uplifted, their bayonets
gleam,
And they dart down to earth in a thin silver
stream.

The first frosts of autumn left streakings of brown
To scar the bright green on the meadow's bald
brow,
Then the snow-flakes of winter came glimmering
down,
And a starry-white mantle rests over it now.
They whirl round and round ere they fall to the
ground,
And in eddies afloat on the wings of the breeze
They hasten to fill each hollow and hill,
And burden the boughs of a million trees.
And one is a willow that sits by the lake
And watches each blossoming wave-crest break,
And makes of the motions of earth and sea
A wierd and marvelous melody.

Ah! Willoughby Lake! Willoughby Lake!
Why angry your wave and dark is your stream;
Why rises your tide, while roughen and shake
The billows across like a drunkard's dream?
Ah! cold was the weather and dreary the night
When a maiden fair in her golden youth—
Your wave closed over her tresses bright
To atone for her love with woful ruth:
Is this the reason, Willoughby Lake,
Your stream is dark and your billows shake?

The Past.

What though fierce passion's storm and flood
O'erwhelmed the souls of millions gone!
What though this earth were drunk with blood
That brought the present glory on!
Can we believe it all in vain
The strife of men and clash of war;
That fields ran red with thousands slain
Before the mighty conqueror?
What in the present glorious
Are the labors of the past to us?

Who'd weep o'er St. Bartholomew,
Or long deplore a Nero's wrongs?
Well did the living good and true
Receive an alien nation's songs;
'Tis something in this life to live
In bare remembrance of the past—
'Twere better did those ages give

One deep life lesson strong to last:
 Then in the present glorious
 The past is all in all to us.

The Reverie.

A FRAGMENT.

When the drooping shadows of night are spread,
 And the gardens of nature their glories shed;
 When a dull pale gleam of wandering light,
 Darts faint from the cloud-eclipsed orb of night,
 And the one lone star of the evening sky
 Rules with a lengthening rod on high;
 Then the mind that is freed from the world without
 Girds up the drapery of thought about,
 The portals of memory ope once more
 And Fancy paints all the days of yore;
 The carols of joy and throbs of pain
 Awake to beat in the heart and brain.
 O Time, with the furrowed and wrinkled brow,
 Where are thy bright-hued laurels now?
 Where is thy guerdon of glory, a name
 To startle the earth like the scourge and flame—
 Thy sword and sceptre and kingly crown?
 Are they all like my own airy dreams come down?
 Behold in thy name is the sceptic's boast
 That the human race on thy sea is lost;
 That life's deep longings, its hopes and fears
 Are closed by the coffin and quenched by the years;
 That man in a broad and endless stream
 Sinks slowly to slumber too deep to dream;
 But before he is lost on that fathomless sea,
 Unknown, though we call it Eternity,

To the rigidly righteous and truly good
 Come dreams formed by prayer and by solitude,
 Till the songs of a heavenly choir are heard,
 And the spirit so deeply yet falsely stirred
 By the sounds bids a last adieu to earth
 To dwell in the light of a new life's birth—
 But ere the wave of his parting breath
 Is congealed by the swift approach of death
 The lingering light no pen can trace
 In lines of beauty adorns his face,
 And the smiles of victorious transport show
 The enraptured soul which bade them glow.

The Christian Graces.

He that reaps of noblest deeds,
 He it is lies nearest heaven;
 Broken faiths and formless creeds
 Are by wave and windstorm driven;
 Only unto golden seeds
 Is the golden fruitage given:
 Though earth claim yet heaven gives
 All the honors of our lives.

Words are many, works are few,
 Faiths are rife but truth is rare;
 When the deeds that we shall do
 Fall before the light of prayer,
 Are they noble, are they true,
 Will they vanish into air?
 Shall it then to us be said,
 "Faith is here but truth is fled?"

Charity, of mortal mould,
 Owneth half from heaven descending;
 Grace without its warmth is cold.
 Mercy's glories are unending;
 Who hath it shall ne'er grow old;
 Who hath not yet hath by lending:
 It shall come to him unasked
 Robed in clouds, by darkness masked.

Sleep.

Earth's shadows fly away;
 Pale stars succeed the day,
 While fleet and fair as they,
 Swift the hours leap.
 Day longs yet can not stay,
 Dusk speeds a lingering ray,
 Now with the twilight gray
 Comes dark-lidded sleep.

Flower of the crocus cup
 Bowers all its fragrance up,
 Nods as it goes to sup
 God's nectars deep.
 Bloom of the yellow rose
 And the white lily blows
 Drop to a slumbrous doze
 Of lidded sleep.

Hark! the night-bird shall soon
 Mark not the rising moon,
 Dark is the realm of tune,
 Save low and deep

Mutters the thunder tone,
Rumbles the wind's last moan,
From all fair lands is blown
Soft-lidded sleep.

Bound by the magic spell,
Drowned in its dying swell
Sounds loud the echoing bell
Of wandering sheep.
Forth from their rocky den
Stalk beasts and rougher men,
They shall not wake again
Who sleep their sleep.

Man, immortality
Can all provide for thee;
Plan no rash mutiny,
Thee all things keep;
Take now thy wonted rest;
Break sweet bread repossessed—
Lake of the calmly blest
Deep-lidded sleep.

Hymn of Nature,

Come, it is the early morn,
And the sun just peeping out
Makes the heavens all about
Gleam with colors newly born.

Watch the dewdrops on the grass
Sparkle in their million cells,
Glow like tiny silver bells,
Or like beaded drops of glass.

Each a ray of color holds
In its pent-up prison close,
Long lost, latent colors those
Which the rising sun unfolds.

Some are clothed in emerald green,
Red are some, and some are blue;
Others show a neutral hue
As in rainbow-mixtures seen.

Yet howe'er they gleam and glint—
Glide like little airy elves,
They are colorless themselves,
Bear the stamp of one great mint.

Each one says: "I'm from the sun,
He's the author of my birth;
He it is rules this round earth,
Does through me what I have done.

"All my life's a life of change,
I am never motionless;
All my secrets who can guess—
All the breadth of fields I range?

"For the sun with iron lock
Holds my history well and fast —
Holds the history of my past
In his molten ore and rock.

"Nothing of myself I claim,
'Tis the sun that works through me
All creation's mystery,
All the wonders of my name.

"I am nothing less than light,
Greatest power 'neath that of heaven;
Greatest blessing ever given:
Scattering first primeval night!

"Separate in prisms here
I must be content to lie
On the grass, or else to fly
When the sun's warm rays appear.

"And I come when he says, come,
And I go when he says go;"
Where the fruitful harvests grow,
Into regions dead and dumb

"With the dearth of human life;
Or to gladden with my breath
All the crowded haunts of death,
Or to close a nation's strife."

Learn a lesson, thou, O soul,
Press it down upon the heart,
And by persevering art
Gauge the part within the whole.

Learn that God is that great whole
Centered in universal love—
Filling all the space above,
Radiating through the soul.

Learn this lesson then, who can,
Lesson which the years to bring
Wrought amid much suffering
To the final good of man.

A Vision of Fame.

I thought one night as in a trance I stood
Upon the summit of a lofty plain,
Below me pressed a surging multitude

Of earth's worn sons of toil with many stain
Upon their glittering robes, which else were white
Fresh bathed in fountains of the summer rain.

And many paused, or glanced to left and right,
Clasping their hands above them in the gloom,
Dark with the terrors of terrestrial night

In sable splendor many made their tomb
In the green sod beneath their comrade's feet,
Breathed their last sigh and sought a narrow home

In the dust that gave them birth, but more replete
With grandeur than the tomes of men which gold
Hath wrought in tinsel elegy complete,

Which are half lies—but as I looked, behold,
So sad a sight I saw I turned away,
Unable to bear the unearthly gleams unrolled
Brighter than the utmost splendor of the day.

But when I looked again I saw the day
Had vanished, and a dark ethereal night
O'erspread the fair landscape with a sable ray,

From Pluto's dismal, gloomy realms of fright,
Peopled by unknown beings, while desert gleams
Shoot from some hidden orb, until the night

Feels himself defrauded of all he deems
His own, amid the darkling dreary waste.
So dense the cloud of darkness that it seems

The earth had lost her loveliness and faced
The infinite; but flowers bloomed, although unseen
Beside the living brooks and streams, and replaced

In some degree the semblance of the green
And gaudy mantle nature former wore;
And other flowers as fair as those that glean

And garner fragrance from the crystal air, they bore
Their own ethereal hues, the rose, the violet
Greeted their morn with blushes as before

Suffused the foxglove and the mignonette,
And all the flowers of summer's fairest day,
The tropic palm, orange and citron let

Their blossoms ripen in the sultry ray,
An hour's ephemeral existence led,
Then died and withered; but as I looked the way

Had brighter grown, and deep and far withdrawn
In moonlike radiance on the summit's head,
A faint light like a halcyon meteor shone,

And spake a voice as though from out the dead:
Fame is at the summit, he who goes
Into the conflict not in armor clad,

Weary at eve retires, his eyelids close
To throw off care and drown the passing hour.
And seeks to lose all feeling in the sad

Procession, he must toil, the flower
Must bud and bloom, and now they reached the hill
Where all at last must test their strength and power,

Whereat a fearful strife arose, until
The earth re-echoed with their groans, and blood
Flowed freely down and tinged the gurgling rill.

And many fell to earth, or in the flood
Of waters dark and uninhabited
Were borne, and ever from the cloud

Upon the summit gleamed the light; many fled,
Tearing their robes and flinging down to earth,
And pressed on in the conflict o'er the dead

And wounded and felt no time for mirth;
Some seized the garments which the rest let fall,
And robbed the dead and dying, and left them dearth

Of character; but few helped the wounded, all
Were partners in a sacrilegious band,
And strived to live although his brother fall

A prey to better motives, but conquest fanned
By poisonous breezes, on my ears there came
A voice amid the multitude like sand
In mighty rushing motion: "This is Fame!"

I looked again and saw a mighty man,
For he was so called by the multitude
Of vulgar gazers in the hidden depths:
For many called him great who had not yet
Learned the meaning of true greatness.
A shape of hideous deformity he was,

And aged as by ten thousand wintry frosts;
 About his brow, entwined with golden braid
 The laurel glimmered interest with thorns
 That sent the life-blood gushing from his veins,
 And on his forehead I saw written Fool
 (And said I in my heart O fool! fool! fool!)
 His eyes were banded with a scarlet wreath
 Which half depended down his bloodless face,
 As if to shut from out those sightless orbs
 All the fair universe, all save corroding care,
 And deathless misery than waked incessant pain,
 And in his withered and decrepit hand
 He held the sceptre of a kingless line
 And his feet were on the neck of his fellows as a yoke
 Pressing them downward, then suddenly,
 The heavens were rolled together like a scroll,
 And from his golden chariot in the clouds
 The angel came to call the quick and dead.

The Tornado.

(Written immediately after the Tornado at Mt. Vernon, Ind., in April, 1888.)

1.

Know ye how the fierce tornado's breath
 Is blown upon the region of the plain—
 Twin brother of the lightning linked with death;
 But given a broader track and wider rein?
 Not by the artillery of heaven's length and breadth;
 Louder than the cannon's brazen mouth
 Not by the lightning's flash, a vivid chain,

Is this destructive agent heralded.
 This had deprived the storm of half his dread.
 Scarcely a breeze or gust of air will deign
 To give us any warning, sign or hint
 Of all o'er which the storm-king holds restraint,
 And garners in soft breezes from the south.

II.

O never yet dawned there a Sabbath day
 In winter more prophetic of the spring;
 And never seemed the town one-half so gay;
 How should it know the fate the night would bring,
 When balmy breezes rang a roundelay
 That wreathed the poisoned arrow and the sting!
 And so the morning wore away to night,
 When lo! the sudden storm-cloud gathering
 In funnel shape, and glowing fiery bright
 Depictures in each face a blank dismay.
 To flee is vain, for even now the blight
 Is close upon them, grappling with iron hand
 The stoutest buildings, that quiver, reel and rock,
 And, tottering, fall as built upon the sand.
 The citizens!—O they are here and there.—
 Some beams and timbers strike, which smite
 The life from out them; by missiles in the air
 Others are felled; some inaccessible
 To all aid burn amid the wreck of hell;
 A moment and 'tis past; next day the shroud, the
 pall;
 Heaped mounds of desolation cover all.
 And there was one whose hair had turned to white
 From the experience of that dark night.

The Terror King.

I have stood in the lonely forest
No star in the midnight sky,
And listened with fear and wonder
To the wolf and the jackal's cry.

I've watched the fearful tornado
Emerge from the storm-cloud black,
Uprooting the trees of the forest
And the dwellings of men in its track.

I've viewed the dreadful volcano,
With its lurid smoke and fire
As the evening sky was painted
Like a burning funeral pyre.

I've watched the mountain avalanche
With its burden of ice and snow
Crash down on the sleeping village
Serene in the plain below.

I've heard the cataract rushing
In its terrible power and might,
And the roar of gun and cannon
In the midst of the fearful fight;

And the erstwhile gentle river
Gorged to a maddening stream,
Sweeping all else before it
In the revel of power supreme.

But the terrors of earth and heaven
Were never meant for me,
From the shafts of the lurid lightning
To the earthquake on land or sea.

They pale before that monster
 Who breathes with his poisonous breath,
 And the arm of the mightiest warrior
 Is stilled in the grasp of death—

Not the death that is swift and sudden,
 When the elements are at strife,
 Or that stalks in the brooding pestilence
 The warring foes of life;

But the hushed and faltering footsteps
 Which echo a nameless dread,
 And the muffled world of voices
 As the whisper goes: "He is dead."

Hymn of the Fire Worshippers

TO THE SUN-GOD.

(Some years ago the author began what was designed to be an epic relating to the Aztec race in America, in which the following lines were intended to form a song composed in honor of the principal deity of this people. Except a few lines of blank verse, this is all of the poem that was ever written.)

O Sun, thrice ruler of the sky!
 Sublime and unapproachable,
 Divine in light ineffable,
 A thousand glories round thee burn:
 An hundred stars thy path attend,
 And bow to do thee reverence.
 And stars where worlds on worlds grow less
 And fade in far-off azure fields,
 Their pallid loveliness unveil,

Throb sharp and beat beneath thy glance
And worship at thy blazing throne.
Thou armor-bearer of the great
High mighty Sovereign whose name
Forever is unmentionable,
Though uttered in the lightest breath.
In softest whispered accents spoken,
A thousand shivers shake the heart,
And poisoned streams like lava dart
Fire-like through turgid veins and cords
To overwhelm with wreck and ruin.
Thou Prince of Earth and Sea and Sky
And powers of Darkness and of Light.
High-born, exalted, resolute;
The sum of earthly virtue blent
With every divine attribute:
Thy strength is as the strength of bulls,
Thy courage surpasseth that of lions,
In love thou dost excel the seven.
Before the stars were thou didst reign:
They of thy quenchless beams partake,
Yet thou hast not the less of strength
Because of thy great bounteousness.
When worlds on worlds unnumbered line
The very pathway to thy courts;
And peopled earths to which our own
Were but a speck in fruit, a fly
In the air, an atom in a stone,
Join in the acclamative praise,
Shall we, thy humble suppliants flaunt
Our pride against thy face, nor bow
Before thy throne who are but dust,

Base elements of trodden clay,
And lower than aught else save beasts,
O Sun, thrice ruler of the skies,
To thee our orisons arise.

When Ormazd set his image up,
With skillful knife he reft his veins,
And while the immortal blood flowed out,
Trickling along the front of heaven,
(Like seething torrents overflown
That run like rivers to the sea)
He cleft the crimson clouds in twain
And bade them make a crown for thee;
He rolled the azure dome about
To give thee room and breathing-space;
Then changed he all those radiant spheres.
(Stopping the life-giving vermeil tide)
To brightest light and fiercest heat,
White shining, one ethereal mass
Of inextinguishable flame

Which in high splendor sparkles yet,
Still is our fear and wonderment.

When storms and whirlwinds rack the face
Of earth and fell the giant trees
And level all the haunts of men,
And beasts and men together crouch,
Fearing the vengeance of thy hand,
And fearing fly the dreadful scourge
Thou hast in thy displeasure wrought.
We know 'tis but thy breathing sides
That labor with the pent-up wrath
Sent justly to thy creatures here,
When sea and earth swell deep to break,

And yawning chasms swallow up
 Earth's fruitage in one common grave,
 It is thy voice that shakes the world,
 And warns us of the time to come
 When not a vestige shall remain
 Of earth's great pride and pomp and power.
 The fire, the pestilence, the sword
 Are never all in fury sent,
 But join a blessing and a power
 To stir us up to greater deeds
 And higher actions than the heart
 Of man conceives in his low estate.
 Thus evil is not unmixed: part is good,
 And being good o'ercomes the ill.
 Some say that even disease and death
 Are greater blessings than they seem,
 Relieving our humanity
 From all ill passions, and blunting the edge
 Of hatreds and of dark resolves,
 Uphold, ennoble, strengthen all.
 O Sun, thrice ruler of the skies!
 First Ruler when the morning breaks
 Across the eastern hills in light!
 When sounds the shepherd's early horn
 And, answering from the low sheepcotes
 The tinkling bells ring echoing
 Wierdly through the darke ravine;
 When soars the lark and linnet high:
 They first to greet the breath of morn;
 When shakes the snake his dusky coil
 From hedge or brier or bushy brake,
 To throw the sloth of slumber off,

And piercing through the glassy glade
The beetle wheels from his low retreat,
And blooming morn comes chirping up
To pull the tired world by the ears,
And loose her pinioned feet from frost.
When melts the ice on lake and stream,
And rivers run to meet the sea,
When every leaf and twig and bough
Is brightening into newer life,
Feeling the warm electric throb
Of life in life just bursting out,
Which hastens all the florid year
From tone to echoed undertone:
All this and more the earth doth show
When Spring drinks those ethereal splendors in
Next, Ruler, when thy car is drawn
Midmost the purple disk of heaven,
And flaming splendors rise and fall
Across the changeful dial-plate,
Saying, "High noon is come, is come!"
And the clanging bells re-echo it;
Touching up earth most gloriously,
As if with subtle magic charm
That wand-like has the spell and power
To change all to one form and likeness;
The fields are bright in their rich light,
With grain in husk and corn in ear,
And nuts in purple-tinted shells.
Let us pause while we sing of the middle day
To sing a song of the middle year:
With silver finger golden-tipped
Thou touchest the land and behold it lies
Gem-like under thy finger-lids!

The earth is adorned like a fairy bride,
Daintily blooming rich and rare;
Ablaze with the pearl and the ruby-drop
And bedecked with a crystal robe,
Wearing the flower of the myrtle-tree;
For the pride and joy of the year's great prime
Will add to the mirth of the merriest man
And soften the soul of the veriest churl.
O Summer and Sun of the summer time,
Radiantly beautiful, joyously blest,
To thee thrice Ruler of earth and skies
Our chiefest songs and prayers arise.

Third Ruler when the lowering sun
Of evening gilds the western sky,
And mild-eyed Venus from above
Her gracious influence extends
In silent majesty o'er earth;
Then in the golden autumn-time,
When generous store-houses are crammed
With what the summer's toil supplies,
And lowly flowers with drooping heads
Chilled by the early biting frosts
Which nip the fields white from the blasts
Of wintry breezes strew our path,
We feel our gratitude to thee,
Last Ruler when the Winter hoar
Returns to lock the world in ice,
And snowy crystals glistening white
Cover all the village green.
When Night with her host of stars draws round,
And slumber her soft sceptre wields
O'er earth to give release from pain

And lull the weary heart to rest.
 When we behold the glorious worlds
 Which circle the deep realms of space,
 Our supplications then arise
 To thee that rulest Day and Night,
 And the countless Seasons as they roll;
 O Sun, thrice Ruler of Earth and Skies,
 To Thee our orisons arise!

Gates of Pearl.

(In the Lower World, according to Mythology, there were two gates at which dreams were said to emerge; those which would not come true came from the Gate of Ivory, and those which were destined to come true from the Gate of Horn.)

We faile of that which we wolden have,
 And in our madness evermore we rave,
 And when we been togederes everichon,
 Everiche man seemeth a Salamon.
 But al thing which that schineth as the gold,
 Is naught gold, as that I have herd told;
 Ne every appel that is fair at ye,
 Ne is not good what so men clappe or cry.
 Right so, lo fareth it amongst us,
 He that seemeth the wisest . . .
 Is most fool when it cometh to the preef;
 And he that seemeth trewest is a theef,
 That shul ye knowe er that I from you wende,
 By that I of my tale have maad an ende.

Canterbury Tales.

Gates of Pearl, of richest pearl,
 While drive shrouding mists awhirl,
 And while dewy Memory
 Sways a realm above man's eye,

Ope thy portals heaven-wide
 That the incoming year's full tide
 May from all fair running streams
 Gather gems to deck light dreams.
 Bid the heaven-dropping dew
 Grant me vision clear and true;
 Of bright-beamed futurity
 Weave a gorgeous web for me:
 Soaring Fancy bear me shoots
 Of choice flowers and sweet fruits.
 Joyous morn for him that takes
 Pearl and opal from fair lakes:
 Golden-hearted symphonies
 From faint-clouded summer skies;
 Blossoms reaps from fairy trees,
 Nectar plucks from honey-bees:
 What time the new-budded lawn
 Makes a green pathway for the dawn;
 And the breast of the clear bird
 Is with generous music stirred;
 What time fringe of opening flowers
 Circled by the shadowy hours,
 Dreams a long dream, summer long,
 Sings a bright-lipped summer song,
 Fancy, drive life's mists aw whirl!
 Open, open, Gates of Pearl!

Gates of Pearl, of priceless pearl,
 I am richer than an earl,
 Stately palace deign to build
 With the lordliest treasures filled;
 Gems from all the world's rich strands,
 Stones from deep Australian sands,

Choicest works of art, so rare
They once claimed a master's care,
Carved table, sandal wood,
Chest of ivory strong and good,
Broad rooms for large breathing-space,
Bust or statue in its place;
Rich adornments richly wrought
By skilled hand and cunning thought.
All things to my pleasure move,
And not recreant I prove;
Here wines ~~twenty~~ summers old
Sparkle from their cups of gold,
And in pleasure's ample round
Full oft many a friend is found
Where I take my silvery ease,
Churl all these things fail to please!
Or, if to strange lore inclined,
Richly will I store my mind,
From an infinite domain
Knowledge draw, an endless chain,
Till some sleepless anchorite
Envies me my lone delight—
Till kings come and homage pay
To my counsels bend their sway,
And my knowledge-burdened soul
Compasses the mighty whole.
But what is knowledge overgrown
In a heart half turned to stone?—
Knowledge learned but at the school
Teaching man to play the fool,
Virtue, worth, sincerity
In the tradesman's gilded lie?

From kind words true pleasures flow;
 Gold is naught but empty show,
 All life's trappings are to life
 Dust of dust and strife of strife!
 If I lack a human friend
 E'en though fortune should attend,
 And though richer than an earl,
 Vanish, vanish, Gates of Pearl!

Gates of Pearl, of rarest pearl,
 Pray what have we here, a curl?
 Yes, another and another,
 First a sister, then a brother.
 Fairy forms come circle round,
 Dancing all on fairy ground;
 Children of one parent form,
 Angels guard your feet from harm.
 You the calmly-yielding skies
 Tend with their soft ministries;
 Sweet influences from afar
 Lead you of some favoring star;
 Ye no pestilence may seek,
 Ye are too sublime and meek.
 Angels close your eyes in sleep,
 Watch o'er you the whole night keep,
 Till swift heralds of the morn
 Unbar their gates to day new born,
 Maidens in young womanhood,
 Youths in their strong manlihood,
 Grow within my sight so fast
 Credit scarce I can the past.
 While yet in life's fairy-time,
 Keeps my heart its golden prime;

But the bitter blasts will blow:
Soon shall come the chilling snow.
Will they be a heritage
For the bending step of age?
Will they shelter then the head
For them that had eat bitter bread;
Faded flowers, lie they all
'Neath the melancholy pall?
Not one left with me to tread
Down the dark ways to the dead!
Yet I hoped adversity
Would at least spare the bright eye,
That its rising light might shine
On the declining beams of mine;
That its fitful gleams might gild
Some heart with youth's freshness filled:
Cheerful voices, joyous sound—
I should bless them from the ground;
If you bring one faded curl—
Drop O swiftly, Gates of Pearl!

Gates of Pearl, of glorious pearl;
Scenes of pleasure next unfurl;
Fairy forms and witching eyes
Lure me to their paradise.
Wealth, enjoyment, splendor, ease,
Who would spurn such gifts as these!
Who that would not envy me,
Even though a king he be,
Sacrificing wealth and power
To live in my little hour!
The wandering beggar at my gate
Receives my gifts and calls me great;

I am courted, loved, admired;
 For happiness is aught else required?
 But the sight I next would see
 Might dishearten even me.
 View I now my vacant life
 Vexed with unresponsive strife,
 Feeling every cankered dart
 Surfeit can o'ercharge the heart;
 Breathing every poisonous breath
 Of soul-disorganizing death,
 Seeing every prospect vain
 Linked to habit's fateful chain;
 Wealth degenerate, honors goad,
 Groaning 'neath my sickening load,
 Finding every pleasure pall
 Gladly would I leave them all
 For one fitful hour's release,
 A youth of innocence and peace,
 For one breath of youth's pure air,
 And its sleep discumbering care
 On its peaceful pillow rest,
 Or sink to sleep on nature's breast.
 I am weary now of pelf,
 Weary even of myself,
 Groan in luxury, pampered pride,
 And am still unsatisfied;
 Sickness sits beside my bed,
 Death stalks near with muffled tread,
 Useless fair sights to the blind:
 More than pleasure craves the mind.
 Humblest peasant, hope elate
 Knows that only God is great!

Canker rusts the gathered gold,
Beauty fadeth in the old;
Moths destroy and frosts consume
Springtime's bud and summer's bloom;
Riches soon shall fly away,
Fortune smiles but for a day:
Honors perish one by one,
Like the raindrops in the sun.
Pleasures pass ere they are shed.
Glory, splendor soon are sped;
Time doth the loftiest fabric rust,
Crumble in unsubstantial dust.
What in life can yield content:
Gold and tinsel ornament?
Wealth may lure, but vain is he;
Beauty charm, but 'tis not she;
Who to win renown or fame
Would chill his heart or burn in flame,
Wasting for such frail delights
Weary days and fruitless nights?
Or heap up the moilèd treasure
To drink deep the cup of pleasure?
King of riches I'm defined,
But happiness nowhere I find;
Heavy heart and leaden eye
Heave the inexpressive sigh;
Weary wretch of hope bereft,
What to me of life is left!
Happiness sought I but ne'er found
E'en in pleasure's giddy round.
True content doth shun the spot:
I have searched but found it not;
Joy hath fled my presence quite,

Clouds obscured the starless night,
 Peace of mind hath thither flown;
 Rest I know not where 'tis gone;
 Hope from out my breast is torn;
 Soul all cheerless and forlorn,
 Mourning now earth's transient state,
 Know thou only God is great!
 Seek not riches but the gift
 That doth to the light uplift.
 But if with these in years to come
 Grief doth make my heart his home;
 If in vain I seek to borrow,
 Living joy without its sorrow,
 Ealm without affliction's sting,
 Waters save from troubled spring,
 Pleasure without carking care,
 Never may I thither fare.
 Roses, rue, ye bloom in vain,
 Give me back my youth again!
 Vanish sorrow, vanish joy,
 I would be once more a boy:
 Simpler pleasures, simpler pains,
 Oblivious of the world's rich gains,
 Lost to pleasure's giddy whirl—
 Vanish, vanish, Gates of Pearl!

To Washington.

(Sonnets Read in the Presbyterian Church in Winchester, April 30th, 1889, on the occasion of the Washington Anniversary.)

Strong, calm, serene, with laurels on his brow

A king might envy of a country freed,

He who didst serve her at her utmost need

Receives the meed our willing hearts allow.

Not unbefitting is it even now,

For valorous action and high martial deed,

We grant this day the well deserved meed

The chief of them that laid the tyrant low;

But yet in him a higher claim doth live

Who in sweet peace performs a nobler part,

Whom virtues stern and kindlier graces give

To mould into one form, one soul, one heart,

And leave to triumph over time's decay

A nation strong and great that should not pass away.

II.

A hundred winters with fresh wreaths of snow

Pave white a thousand glistening mountain-tops;

A hundred favoring summers come and go,

And harvest fruits and flowers, and generous crops

Of corn and grain where'er the fair winds blow

Spring from the blossoms of the furrowed row,

And buds that decked the leafy lap of May

Bring forth more glorious fruitage than of yore:—

Still is the nation's strength not waned away;

Still day and night and time hath brought us store

Of triumph that shall fail us nevermore;

And, glorious guerdon of his natal day,
Here truth brighter than time had seen before
A silver seal hath set that may not pass away.

Washington's Advance.

*(Written on the Anniversary of Washington's
Crossing the Delaware.)*

The Delaware tumultuously
Its torrent pours into the bay;
The frozen crystals silently
Have paved an icy way,

And, borne adown the river-flood,
Drifted into a strengthening gorge,
While broken masts and spars of wood
Lead on the furious charge.

O who with nerves of subtle steel
Will dare this swollen stream to cross,
Thus perilous urge the public weal,
Counting light gain but loss.

What strong soul which the increasing years
So temperest that its perfect light
Upholds the weary day and cheers
The cloud-encompassed night?

What spirit that to the tyrant mind
Hath subject e'en the tyrant will,
And finds in puppet fate resigned
More signal triumph still?

Who but the fearless Washington?
Fame, where are all thy votaries fled?
A million men and show'st but one
Chief, king and ruling-head!

Death well may plunge his falchion blade
O'er the waste world in alien blood;
He stands mid dangers undismayed
And mocks their maddest mood.

He comes! the shores his approaching feet
Announce, the quivering ripples move
And tremulous they join their meet
Allegiance to prove.

Swift at the ready chief's command
His trusted followers engage
The ships, which bear them safe to land
Through the stream's perilous stage.

Thus e'en the conscious flood and ice
Yield them a strong and sure support
They the bold Hessian camp surprise
And leave a ruined fort.

So wondrously and with delight,
In camp, by table and fireside
Was told the tale of that dark night,
Till it spread far and wide.

Cheered were all hearts, the tide of war
Turned till it set a nation free;
The event like a triumphant star
Outgrew Thermopylæ.

O Bannockburn! O Wallace, Bruce,
Whose deeds the border minstrels sound,
The nations now have called a truce,
This, too, is holy ground.

Come with your heaven-born blessed ray,
Guide this late pilgrim to your shrine:
The radiance of the newer day
Fill it with fire divine.

And as we uaff a nation's health,
This be our pledge and prophecy:
May true hearts be her richest wealth,
Most prized security.

Dec. 25, 1889.

Lines Suggested by the Death of Robert Browning.

(*Read at a Meeting of the Hawthorne Club, Winchester, Ohio, in April, 1890.*)

I.

Shut in a quiet chamber of the tomb
Which for no gaudy ornament hath room,
Save what sincerest grief in faith hath sent
To that great soul in somber banishment;
Save some child-lispings of the journeying air
Its *benedicite* repeating there;
The sudden voice of country and of town,
Of high and low, echoing his renown,
And deep-soul felt regret that sullen Death
Should snatch him ruthless from his native heath,

There wrapped in slumber the dead poet lies
Cut from his moorings in a nation's eyes.

No pearl-drop, gleaned from Afric's starry waves,
Or gleaming sapphire from Golconda's caves,
No gem of ruby or of diamond
In the broad element of Ethiop' sunned,
No flashing candle with fine gold inlaid
Or waxen taper lights the solemn shade
Yet this straight room set deep from side to side
O'ervaulting gloom is still more glorified:
This the last resting-place of lofty thought
Is luminous with the fullness it hath brought;
From far spheres drawn a living light doth gild
His earth-home, all the outer space is filled,
And from his radiant vesture reflected
Collects to crown a very kingly head.
Here oft may wander spirits of young flowers
Dissolving their swoln fragrance in fresh showers,
The faintest, fairest fox-glove of the dell
This favored spot may know and mark it well,
And branching palm and waving eglantine
Where sweet birds warble in melodious line—
Down to its deepest depths the laboring sea
Its long-pent lashing waves again sets free
To chant above his rest a requiem
Majestically slow, mournful and solemn.

A tomb within a tomb in faith wrought he,
One nobler than the other e'er can be;
One is of time and perishing with time
The other broad, o'erarching the sublime;
One trails its failing honors in the dust;

The other soars above all taint or rust:
Earth's glory fades within this cloister dim
And immortality grows bright to gaze on him.

The untrammelled soul from sun to sun doth climb
Incognizant until it strikes chill time—
Space unperceived it pervades as a span:
(But to the incomprehensible mortal man
Confined and fretted in his little hour,
Not knowing his chain's length or spiritual dower,
All things are bounded by the light that lies
Within the confines of his physical eyes)
Its orbit is a circle wider far
Than th' outswinging, farthest-moving star;
Creation can but limit by degrees
The distance which its wings move through with ease,
Unto the farthest circuit of the skies
It goes and comes, fulfills its destinies.
Time doth but alter it, but give it space
To move and breathe, act in its accustomed place.
Howe'er this entity in its release
Doth find new joy with its old joy's increase,
However much of foreign glory known
It will return in splendor to its own,
And in all beauteous forms come back to sit
There and with light grace illumine it.

II.

The gorgeous sunlit land of Italy
It was decreed by fate his home should be,
There where the opening mind and generous heart
Found room to breathe through poetry and art,
Where mighty Raphael, Titian, Angelo
Wrought moving figures that caught all the glow

Of genius bursting from the master's touch;
Not prized in their generation overmuch,
Which left to future men with loud acclaim
To rescue the failing honors of their name.
Prophets they were, the world but little thought:
Angels they moved, but the people knew it not.
Unseeing world that persecutest thy Lord,
He brought thee peace, thou gavest him a sword!
There poets of an old ancestral race,
Whose fire from Homer came, their own the grace,
To whose fleet-fingered, delicate muse was given
Light of a fading yet a glorious even,
Left upon the land and flowing streams
The splendor and the glory of their dreams.
Can we forget great Dante bold and strong
Who claims half honors with the Ionian's tongue?
Almost we see him in the twilight dim:
A noble brow, a grizzled face and grim,
Whom persecution followed strong and hot,
Yet could not king or state's decree or plot
Enslave the energies of his high mind;
He yet had solace of a nobler kind:
Though Florence, his loved home, he might not see,
Exiled, an outcast, lone and forced to flee
A fairer city, 'a city of God,
And Paradise and Hell, no king could defraud
Or cheat him of, and what no mortal eye
Might e'er behold, he should see ere he die;
He saw, but "blasted with excess of light,"
Fast closed his eyes and sought the shades of night.
But lo! the city after he was dead
Begged for his bones that spurned his living head.

Yet linger we in this enchanted land,
 For other brows fame's laurel bays have fanned.
 Here Tasso, Petrarch, Boccaccio :
 The noble music of Ariosto
 Yet echoes through the bright and fertile plain,
 Then fain would sing itself to sleep again.
 Once more the blue vault of Italian skies
 Rekindles the old Aeolian melodies
 For bards of English mould here sought relief
 From life's distempers, bards of men the chief :
 And came two minds of marked activity—
 Shelley to drown and gentle Keats to die.
 Here Byron felt the music stir his soul
 Of the wild sea that taught his strains to roll
 Swift yet majestic, terrible and grand
 "Like fair worlds fresh from the Creator's hand."
 And he the last minstrel of that strain forlorn
 Who sung neglected genius paid with scorn,
 Hither by lonely contemplation led,
 Paused at the fount that poisoned while it fed—
 The fatal potion he himself must drink.
 Half guessed the fate which lured him to the brink;
 In dreams heard the black waves rolling loud and long
 To quench in darkness the celestial song.

And what will Browning do among these shades
 Of heroes, these ever-blooming glades?
 The poet is not he whose harp is strung
 To divers tones, nor harpeth he but one,
 Rather is he who the color of his mind
 Gives to each object in its natural kind;
 Whose sight not with the outstretched horizon ends,
 But on into infinity extends;

Who knows where'er he finds the good and true;
 Not altogether discovers he the new,
 But rather finds the new lost in the old,
 As one tale's by a thousand various told.
 The hill and valley, river, fountain, field,
 To him a strange unknown delight can yield;
 The purple pomp of the encinctured sky
 He sees and paints it as it passes by;
 Let nature write her language e'er so plain
 For him it must be written o'er again,
 Thus everything he looks at he sublimes,
 And leaves his image glassed upon the times.

III.

But he alone is great who above mean praise,
 Is great through all the circle of his days;
 Whose life is modeled to that perfect law
 Its greatness casts in the shade the minor flaw,
 Who dares the world to brave, opinion scorn,
 And grasps his truth unshackled and unsworn;
 Well knowing that if worth a fig the world
 Will not forever let its lips be curled,
 That there shall come a day when it will turn
 To humbly sit down at his feet and learn.
 Not part fruition demands the all-seeing soul:
 It must be rounded out, involve the whole,
 Complete integrity in every part,
 It asks of the mind no less than of the heart,
 When one we see whose life's tranquility
 Belies the gaze which pierces infinity;
 Who, prompt to seize the substance through the form,
 Proclaims the sky serene above the storm,

When such we see we recognize a higher
 Than we; we love, we venerate, we admire;
 What matter though the words be harsh we hear
 Though the man stammer, is not plain or clear;
 If the God's message was to him revealed,
 Then by no mortal were his lips unsealed;
 Though he were blind of eye or ear, or dumb,
 Yet would he speak, from his soul the visions come.
 Where'er he be the man of thought will read,
 Though the mad mob may give but feeble heed.
 But if the man have no divine command,
 What then avail his graces, manners bland,
 His fluency of speech, his sparkling eye
 To briefly flutter in his hour and die.
 Though all the potentates of earth befriend,
 No star will favor, no deity attend.
 And in the forceful currents of this life
 Where Light and Darkness wage unequal strife;
 Where Mammon rules, and every subtle wile
 And cunning craft almost the elect beguile,
 Blest be the man who with unblinded sight
 Directs the world towards the central light,
 Who dares look cant unblenching in the face,
 Chases the idols from the market-place;
 The money-changers from the temple drives,
 And takes the prop from out inglorious lives.
 If he move forward, 'though it be inch by inch,
 'Tis something—something if he do not flinch,
 He too acutely feels, he sees too deep.
 With over-nice perception to make clear
 As that which lieth close at hand and near.
 The moon's bold lineaments are plainer far

That e'en the broad disk of King Jupiter.
 The rude and harsher touch we may forgive
 If sterner, stronger, manlier we shall live.
 He braves the tempest's elemental wrath
 Who in an unknown ocean carves a path.
 The pioneer of truth alone he stands
 Between the mighty ocean and the lands.
 Once found, some lesser mind will broaden it,
 And build a very pleasure house of wit;
 Alas! the world is too apt to forget
Meum and *tuum* and repay the debt.
 All ye who with Paracelsus aspired,
 Know ye where lies the truth that you desired?
 It blossoms not beneath the world's vain gaze;
 'Tis kindled not at fashion's dizzying maze.
 Its face we see reflected in the stream,
 It glistens in the morning's earliest beam;
 It sparkles in the coronet of night,
 'Tis mingled with a thousand beams of light.
 Its common seed upon the wind is sown,
 But he who receives it only makes his own.
 Then let each break bread for his own feast;
 Be to himself sole prophet, scribe and priest;
 Let neither Doubt nor Devil him appall
 Knowing that ever the sincere act counts for all;
 What he sincerely doeth shall not fall;
 That noble effort's good for its own sake
 If it the lion in the eye shall wake;
 But he deserves to have who is prompt to seize:
 "There is no Paradise for slothful ease."

An Ode to a Sicilian Vase

UNEARTHED NEAR PALERMO.

What lissome form is slumbering here?
 What fount distilled those dewy eyes?
 What made such beauty to appear,
 And snatched this seraph from her skies?
 In vain his art the artist tries
 To copy nature's lovely form,
 The passing transport swiftly flies,
 And lost in shadow or in storm,
 Eludes the faithful watcher's eyes.
 Such matchless grace and skill is blent
 In these still features line by line,
 Had nature not the beauty lent,
 She would have craved a touch as fine.

Here triple-armored Mars doth bow
 To Jove, and asks the monarch's grace,
 The god awhile averts his face,
 Then glancing at the tranquil sun,
 That yet but half his race hath run,
 His lifted lance prepares to throw.
 There Juno, queen, with raptured gaze,
 Her pale meek eyelids heavenward sends,
 Great Jove is listening while she prays,
 And swift to succor her attends:
 His foaming coursers champ the bit,
 The queen beside the god doth sit.
 And see in silken state where lies
 Love's Venus on her gilded couch.
 A waxen slumber closed her eyes.
 Or Amaryllis' liquid touch.

And there in meek obeisance stands
Minerva with uplifted hands;
Apollo strikes a tuneless lyre:
His shafts fly harmless through the air.

How swiftly glides the conqueror's car
Where sit those heroes who withstood
The mighty enginery of war.

Though crimson their swords with hostile blood,
With great eclat the conquerors come,
Their "triumph" shakes the walls of Rome.

Now turn we to a different scene,
To watch the dancers on their round,
Dancing on the village green
Unto the pipe and tabor's sound.
The moon serene is in the height,
And torches turn the night to day,
Glimmering 'mong stars that shed their bright
Blossoms on the rustie play;
Who standing by would not that he
Were party to the revelry.
The bright young school-boy fresh from school,
Forgetting now the teacher's rule;
The teacher stands in lazy joy,
Yet well he knows each idle boy
And reads each upturned countenance,
And marks love's furtive stolen glance.
See the maiden there with brown,
Hazel eyes mildly cast down,
And hear her lover's low reply,
Though mirth is glistening in her eye
And rippling o'er her sun-burned face,
To see her partner's doubtful grace.

Swift in kaleidoscopic change

The figures vanish from the stage;

They fade before the new and strange,

They perish piecemeal age on age;

They swifter than the whirlwind pass—

They pass and leave a sordid thought,

A bitter aching pain, a blot,

That time can never fill, alas!

We are not what we were, though more,

Yet less than in the days of yore.

As life's thin sands run out time's glass,

So in the eye of memory

Perish like flowers the dreams of youth,

From boughs that were wont to be

Laden with fruit and fair to see

A winter wind has shaken ruth,

And from their withered branches shed

A fallen fruitage of the dead.

The friends who smiled our path upon

In life's fair springtime now are gone;

A sadness passing that of tears,

A woe that waits upon the vanished years.

One only hope remains to mock the gloom

Which shrouds the past in memory's pallid tomb.

A softer consolation we may find

In even tenor of heroic mind.

Ode to the Brave Warrior.

I saw a warrior proudly mailed,
With burnished sword and glittering spear;
Into the thickest fight he sailed,
And recked not death and danger near;
The meadow grass was brown and sere,
The skies were ghastly overhead,
While strewn as on a wintry bier
Lay thousands of the fallen dead.

Where dost thou go, O warrior, say?
The gloomy skies are black as lead,
While all along thy darkening way,
Lie bleeding forms and mangled dead;
And from yon hilltop's ragged crown,
From level plain to mountain-steep
Fast as your columns onward sweep,
A dozen batteries mow them down.

"I fear not any earthly foe;"
His eyes were fixed upon the sky.
" 'Twas duty's call that bade me go:
And it is noble still to die;
Nor any hidden peril nigh—
More bitter than the biting wound,
The fret and fury of the fray,
With my companions falling 'round,
'Tis this that wears my life away!
The kind, good word, the praise 'well done.'
The recompense at set of sun,
Arms me with strength to push still higher:
Sustains me through the galling fire.
Far through the battle's maddening crush

Beckons yon constellated height;
 Thither my way I fain would push
 By my strong arm and heaven's might.
 And though the smoke and blinding dust
 Of rolling columns choke my sight,
 Yet will I lose nor faith nor trust
 In my strong arm and heaven's right.

I saw a youth armed for the strife,
 Start in the battlefield of life,
 And then a Leader strong uprear
 His banner 'mid the noisy crowd;
 Him greeted they as he did appear;
 Unto his speech vast senates bowed.
 But lo! what mighty change there came;
 For soon by envy disallowed.
 So was he set upon, abused,
 The good and bad so interfused;
 (For less of praise was there than blame),
 His fairest glory turned to shame—
 Men grew to loathe his very name,
 As those swift-moving tongues of flame
 Quickly made mischief with his fame,
 When none so good and wise as he:
 None certainer of victory.
 Then said I: "So this is life:
 But which is the nobler to submit—
 To fate, or take arms in the strife
 And overmastering, conquer it."

Song of the Blackbird.

[NOTE.—The blackbird frequents hedges, thickets and woods; is shy, restless and vigilant, keeping much under cover of evergreens and shrubs, and when disturbed takes flight with a vociferous chattering of alarm, taking refuge in a neighboring thicket. Its food consists of worms, snails, insects, fruits, etc.—*Chamber's Encyclopaedia*.]

I sing no song of wintry days;
 I dream not of the shadowy past;
 I love not the sun's bright blaze,
 Nor yet skies with thick clouds o'ercast;
 In thicket, grove, or woody dell
 I sit when everything is still,
 And pour my music's magic spell,
 The notes the zepherous breezes fill.
 There through the summer day I dwell
 And whistle, whistle a good will,
 And from the summit of the hill
 I whistle, whistle, whistle still.

I sing a song of keen delight
 When harvest fields are ripe with grain;
 I covet not the plumage bright
 Of red bird, blue bird, robin, wren;
 For in my suit of glossy black,
 Thick coated of a tarry jet
 I can as well the hunter's track
 Elude, the sportsman's gun or net;
 On summer days, when fields are white.
 I whistle, whistle with good will,
 And close beside the neighboring hill,
 I whistle, whistle, whistle still!

No song so glad and free as mine;
No grief disturbs my life or fears;
My neighbors may outsing, outshine,
I have a louder voice than theirs.
When springtime comes, 'tis my delight
To feast on cherries ripe and pears,
And as the luscious fruit I bite
I feel no weight of earthly cares.
Then from the thicket dark as night
I whistle with a right good will,
And round about the neighboring hill
I whistle, whistle, whistle still!

On the Death of R. A. Proctor the As- tronomer,

WHO DIED OF YELLOW FEVER IN FLORIDA THE
AUTUMN OF 1888.

Alone he sleeps among the dead:
The light of stars about his head!
The worlds gleam on the mortal grave
Of him who half their glories gave
To man, and with skilled fingers wrought
Their wonders into life and thought

Alone he sleeps! Above his head
The ivy creeps, the moss is spread,
The cricket chirps a soft adieu,
And nightly sobs the solemn yew,

For nature never stoops to scorn
Like man, where earthly pride is shorn.

Alone he sleeps, and let us cease
O'er him fierce clamor, let peace
Spreading her wings to banish strife
Renew her all too transient life.
And wordy tumult rancorous
Sink low as from pure gold drops dross.

Alone he sleeps—but not alone;
In other orbs his gift is known;
Sirius, the Dog Star watches him,
The Lion, Regulus from the brim
Of heaven, guarding, eyes his bed.
O he we scarce can deem is dead!

Rides Arcturus, the Herdsman bold,
Strings Vega all her Harp of gold.
And Cygnus, Swanlike spreads his wings
In mockery of terrestrial things.
Last, Leader of the glorious line,
Orion sheds her beams divine.

Alone he sleeps, within his breast
All earthly tumult sinks to rest;
No alien hands unkindly bear
This light aerial child of air,
But soft as ether breath is blown
A spirit comes to claim its own.

The Spirit of the Universe;
His mighty Mother and his Nurse
Through all his varied great career;

'Tis she comes whispering in his ear,
And draws away a kindred soul;
Absorbed into the mystic whole.

Where is he? There lies mouldering
His mortal frame, but on swift wing
His spirit treads the viewless air,
And all of glory bright is there.
Where, not the humblest 'md the throng
His harp stirs with celestial song.

His is the music of the spheres
Too deep withdrawn for human ears;
Now he knows much where once a part
But half disclosed creation's heart;
Yet ever rise new mysteries
To be unrolled before his eyes.

Behold where in the azure dome
This Ariel hath built his home;
From far-off worlds grown faint and gray
He leaps across the Milky Way;
From systems unto systems runs
Where flash the fires of other suns.

But hark a voice: "Come thou not near,"
Falls soft as drops an angel's tear;
"The shell is broke, the bond is free,
And now he is become as we,
Crown of the constellation's day!
Why weepst thou, thou child of clay?

"His work is finished: let him rest;
While folded lilies cross his breast.
His influence we may part compute;

Its greater glory still is mute,
 In widening circles it transcends
 All human means and human ends.

“Silent he sleeps, but shineth yet
 His light, though this life’s sun is set;
 It broadened knowledge, strengthened truth,
 Of noblest purpose, strongest faith
 Wrought much for man: shall this be said
 Of us when lain among the dead?”

Will of the Mill.

The river rolled majestic,
 Like a melting silver bar,
 Neath the new moon’s golden crescent,
 And the pale morning star.

From season on to season,
 And on from year to year;
 Resistless, restless, changeless,
 Whether murky, dark or clear.

It had kept its even current,
 A stream that was never still—
 Through the bridge and across the moorland,
 To the home of Will of the Mill.

All day through winter and summer,
 His heart beating light with joy,
 Worked from dawn to daylight,
 This blithesome farmer boy.

No other name was he known by,
To the comrades that worked by his side,
Than Will of the Mill in the forest,
On the bank of the river's tide.

He slept in a little boat-house,
Built just across the bank,
And oft in the evening twilight,
His slight form, thin and lank.

Might be seen by a few cottagers,
Crossing the brimming stream,
His boat through the silvery waters,
Gliding smooth as a fairy's dream.

He lived alone, his parents
Died years ago; they slept
In the quiet village church-yard
Where the trees of the forest kept

Their silent watch, and often on Sunday
He stood beside their tomb
And bared his head to the breezes,
Alone in the twilight gloom.

Well knew the villagers the story,
Of how he had toiled and striven,
To erect this memorial tablet,
To those who had passed to heaven.

One comrade he had, one playmate,
She was a neighbor's child,
With hair like the rippling sunshine,
And eyes that were blue and mild.

A maiden of sixteen summers,
Yet seemed she not so old,
Who was like some ethereal being,
In fairy stories told.

And he loved the little maiden,
With the bright eyes and golden hair,
Though he was years the older—
She was so exceeding fair.

And she may have loved him, I know not,
Though I was told she said so to him
As they stood alone one evening,
When the shadows were growing dim.

And his arm stole gently around her,
While they plighted their mutual love;
Some day they should be married,
Their constancy to prove.

'Twas a stormy night in November,
And the heavens were dark and wild;
He had left his boat near the mill-race,
When into it crept this child

To cross the raging water,
No matter what perils attend;
Seizing the oars, soon in the middle stream,
He saw her plunge and bend.

To Will, in his little boat-house,
The maiden's cries were borne,
Awaking him from his slumber,
Could he rescue the maid forlorn.

Loudly he called unto her;
Alas! it was all in vain;
Would she dare to cross the torrent?
She had started, it was plain.

The craft was careering wildly,
The waves rose to fearful height,
He heard her scream, and then he plunged
Into the Stygian night.

He swam at first, how boldly,
Into the foaming waves,
But the strong tide and angry surges,
Pressed over the youth, so brave.

She stepped on the shore then quickly
Aid for her lover sought she;
Vain were her hopes of rescue,
In the fatal race was he.

Down, down, the fearful current
Swept him towards the fatal mill;
Would Heaven or mortal stop him,
'Ere he reached those wheels, so still?

But ever onward it bore him,
While his cries arose in the dark,
In safety to the other shore,
Rode the maiden's fragile bark.

Next day a workman tried to start
The wheels in the early light;
'Twas all in vain, the steam gauge turned,
Would not budge them ere so slight.

To discover the cause, the miller
Went out to inspect the wheel;
Alas! a woeful, horrible sight,
The sun's first beams reveal.

For there was the mangled body,
All crushed and bleeding and torn,
And between the spokes of the cruel wheel
His auburn locks lay shorn.

And in after years the maiden,
Now to a woman grown,
Would gaze from her cottage window
On the river dark and lone.

To the spot where her old-time lover,
Met his death in the raging tide,
Through winter and spring and summer,
Until at last she died!

The Steamer Clyde.

It was upon a glorious day
In the most glorious month of May,
When op'ning flowers smile,
That in a sunny Southern clime,
Whose very breezes with a rhyme
The lingering hours beguile.

Upon the Mississippi broad,
Proud ruler with a lengthening rod
Of Western waters wide;
There moved so stately it might seem
The ideal of a painter's dream,
The beauteous steamer CLYDE.

So fair her fluttering streamers rise,
So fast the moving vessel flies
In majesty so grand,
The inmates bid a light adieu,
With cheerful hearts, Captain and crew
Steam from the fading land.

The passengers with joy behold
The rising sun like burnished gold
Gild all the watery realm,
The pilot sitting by his wheel,
In even motion keeps the keel,
Guides steadily at the helm.

Tossed by the gentle summer breeze,
In rhythmic motion move the trees
Upon the western shore;
The silvery waves in ripples light
The sunshine turns to gay and bright.
What peril can lurk before?

So swift and light mid silvery gleam
Of waters down the widening stream
The vessel moves away,
Behind the wheels the wave-crests break,
For roods and leave a glistening wake,
Or rise aloft in spray.

130 *POEMS ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.*

Thus all day long the vessel rode
The water, bearing on her load
 Of freight and human lives;
On till the evening star appears,
And night draws with her radiant spheres,
 The vessel onward drives.

Then suddenly, what phantom fright?
The pilot spies a glancing light,
 It near and nearer draws;
Why 'twas the light-house, that seemed plain,
Illumining the watery main,
 This surely is the cause.

Speechless with terror next he sees
Approaching them by slow degrees
 The evanescent spark,
Then cabin windows rise to view ,
Was it a steamer overdue,
 Or was't a phantom bark?

A sudden cry, a fearful groan,
From hearts with terror turned to stone,
 Bursts on the quiet night,
The vessel to the larboard swings,
Then downward with all living things,
 Sinks slowly out of sight.

Quickly the life-boats seize the crew,
Men, women and children load into
 And row towards the shore;
They reach in safety, but the mass
Sink to a watery grave, alas!
 To be seen nevermore!

Next day of all that fatal wreck,
Some timbers from the ruined deck,
Was all that could be seen;
The pilot house, a floating spar—
A body cast upon a bar—
To show the wreck had been.

And long years after travellers there
Were pointed from the mountain where
Was sunk the steamer CLYDE,
A hundred lives on board, they said,
Were gathered with th' unnumbered dead—
Lost in the river's tide.

Now near that spot no sound is heard,
Save the warble of a singing bird,
Hid in a leafy dell;
And never axe or hammer wakes
An echo, or the silence breaks
Where the black waves ebb and swell.

Ultima Thule.

I was musing on the triumphs of this great triumphant age;
I was gleaning from the story told in many a scattered page,
And I said: will human effort reach a higher, nobler stage?

Somewhere in this passing pageant while the mills of progress grind;

Somewhere in the onward marches and the mastery of
mind

Comes the dead-line of perfection to the hosts of
human kind.

Then the low level of existence seeks the high and
holier way,

Newer forms spring up to flourish, ancient creeds
sink to decay,

And the dawn of Nature's day light brightens to the
perfect day.

Then the times of wild achievement come to vanish
in a dream,

And the meteor-march of science, ruthless as a swollen
stream,

Beats against the seven-barred gates, that guard the
realms of the supreme.

Onward, upward, now is voiced like a mighty chief's
command,

And the proud cry of "Excelsior" swells and echoes
through the land;

Then the glowing "*ne plus ultra*," written with a
glowing hand.

And our shores no more shall mutter to the chains
which foot enthall;

For above the plains of effort and above and over all,
We shall rest upon the mountains where the rays of
glory fall.

Then shall universal Justice stand as guardian of the
right,

Error, Wrong and Superstition, tortured with excess
of light,

Vanish like the mists of morning gathered to their
native night.

Dead or out-worn faiths shall perish, motley and moth-
eaten creeds,

And the jewel-crown of virtue shall be set with noble
deeds;

And the Brotherhood of Man shall spring where Con-
cord sows her seeds.

Deep and moving spirit voices then shall haunt us
from the past,

Saying in whispers soft as slumber, though they echo
loud and vast.

Now behold the full-grown blössom that is come to
fruit at last.

Dark are all the days before us, all that will be is
not seen,

E'en though rifted clouds upgathered, light as gos-
samer intervene,

Fancy paints in borrowed colors, on a dim-illumined
screen.

Nature yet holds countless wonders which we can not
all unseal,

Blind and silent-working forces, that we are not yet
to feel

In abeyance until comes a master-spirit to reveal.

Yet, whate'er the future brings us 'tis enough that
we may know,

If in lightness or in darkness that our work lies; be
it so.

We are builders or destroyers and we make or over-
throw.

'Tis enough if we but comprehend the half that shall
 appear,
 If the light of truth and duty beam upon us strong
 and clear,
 And 'tis our to know and guard it, this is *our* Mil-
 lenial Year.

Ode to a Dewdrop.

Thou airy crysolite,
 Rich-hued, many prised, bright as the sun,
 Frail hoverer on the fringes of the night,
 In life's fresh dawn, when hope and fear were one;
 Thou guard'st the 'sentcheon of the peerless youth,
 Emblem of purity, the star of truth.
 What myriad forms of life dost thou not contain,
 Were all things made plain,
 Mirrored firm and clear,
 To him that seest thee here,
 The world of wonders in one drop of rain.
 Swelling from thy surface to thine inmost vein?
 All sounds which vibrate on the lancet ear,
 All colors that greet the microscopic eye,
 Then might
 He seize a portion of the infinite,
 Might revel in a sub-lunar sky,
 Might see the earth by angel footsteps trod,
 And hear the very whisper of his God.

The Bum.

Beside a street-lamp, all alone,
 Reclined a sad and weary bummer,
 His head upon a paving stone,
 He seemed the last sad rose of summer.

A ragged coat and rusty vest,
 Which did not fit him to the letter,
 But then, alas! they were his best,
 What folly then to wish for better.

His shirt was also slightly torn,
 But were it in a thousand tatters
 He still would swear as he had sworn,
 He did not mind such trifling matters.

His boots were filled with gaps and cracks,
 The muddy, rough, ill-shapen creatures.
 The self-same slime had left its tracks
 Upon the bum's once noble features.

A brick-bat scar upon one eye,
 A half-formed leer upon the other,
 He looked as if content to die
 And leave his salary to another.

His face bore antiquated marks;
 A chimney-sweep's could scarce be grimer,
 Which told me he was one of the "larks,"
 A regular, downright "old-timer."

Poor man, it seemed that his best years
 He'd given to serve his favorite devil,

Had brought scarce else than sighs and tears,
To pay him for his drunken revel.

It seemed he had so callous grown,
To this world's fortune or disaster,
That dram shops were for him alone,
To bring him to his grave the faster.

Poor bummer! You are wrong, not he,
Just ask him, punch him, turn him over,
And you will very quickly see
The bum is in his natural clover.

Straight up the lamp-post to the light
The man long gazed with eyelids blinking,
And then he thought—no that's a flight
Of fancy, for he did no thinking—

His mind just wandered 'till it fixed
Upon the days he knew no longer,
When "whisky straight" was sometimes mixed
With alcohol, or something stronger.

It seemed that ripe Catawba then,
Would set him up without the trouble
Of adding to one glass, say ten,
Or twice the quantity again, plus double.

The brandy then would surely beat
What now, they say, is first-rate liquor;
The beer of those days now seemed sweet,
The ale, perhaps, a trifle thicker.

But good, old Bourbon beat them all;
They were his Alphas and Omegas;
This modern stuff would scarcely crawl,
While it ran down his Oesophages.

The liquor now would hardly pass
For water in its earlier stages;
The barmen then threw down a glass,
Where now they draw to little gauges.

He thought of wife and children, pshaw!
Such thoughts were foreign to his liking;
Left to the mercy of the law,
They'd be beyond the reach of striking.

What are those glowing memories
That stir his very soul to frenzy?
Why, what's the matter with his eyes?
His throat is parched, he has the quinsy.

What rises to his eyes? Why, tears.
They're very foolish to his thinking,
What use to cherish idle fears,
When he can drown them all by drinking?

What is that making giddy rout
Within his brain in mad derision,
Menageries, who turned them out?
Back, horrid shapes, fly fearful vision!

Yonder a gin shop opens its door,
He slowly rises from the gutter,
His feet give way, he sprawls before
The passers-by who hear him mutter:

"Give me a drink," they hear him say,
"To quench this horrid burning fever,
A dram shop's just across the way,
You see its lights are burning ever.

“One drink to quench my parching thirst,
To cheer this poor, worn heart another,
O, if you’ve never taken the first,
Have pity on a weaker brother.”

He fell, his limbs with palsy shook,
He sank down in the gutter groaning,
His eyes assumed a lurid look,
Through foam-flecked lips, they hear him
moaning.

Quickly to his relief came one,
With water to bathe his throbbing temples,
“We can not leave him here alone,
There are too many such examples.”

“In truth,” said one, “he soon will be
Beyond the reach of our embalming;”
Another some signs of life could see,
Whilst others thought that he was shamming.

Then as the light came to his eyes,
A horrid night-mare seemed to trouble,
And striving partly to arise,
Though he was bended nearly double.

“Now, if one in the crowd will deign
To offer me a dime or nickle,
With eager hand, I’ll seize the coin,
Lest fortune’s fingers still prove fickle.”

At length, a passer-by, aloud,
Unable to withstand his pleading,
Seeing no others in the crowd,
In his behalf were interceding.

“Here is a dime, and may it bring
You joy, both present and hereafter,”
He said, the coin prepared to fling,
His fingers searched his pockets after.

But ere the bum stood with his hand
Outstretched to seize the wished-for treasure
The forms of courtesy demand
Return, it seemed in equal measure.

Seizing his hat, his head bowed low,
He stood, the lamp-light round him gleaming,
His ruddy features all aglow,
While joy upon his face was beaming.

“Kindness to the giver is not reft
Of value but some blessing fetches,
There is, I see, some pity left
In the world for even us poor wretches.

And though the liquor now is thin,
It used to be they made it stronger,
I reckon we kin take it in,
’Ef we have to drink a little longer.”

“Jes’ drop it in there,” stretching his hat,
He said, his utterance growing thicker,
“Though I’m as blind as any bat,
I want another glass of liquor.”

Alcibiades.

Here had I hoped a respite from those wars,
Broiling the nation in intestine strife,
Nor strokes of arms nor grave concerns of state,
Should come to vex me in my Phrygian nest.
Yet it is not in the spirit of man
To suffer long to battle and be vanquished,
And not hold towards the victors bitter spite.
But yesterday my courier brought a message,
And eagerly besought that I should hear.
'Twas that the Tyrants plot against my life.
Well might I die if it brought peace to Athens;
But if a cruel war, then let me live,
If but to see the proud usurpers slain.
Yet, even now, do I not accuse my country;
No, rather than impute to her a fault,
I were content to languish in lonesome prison,
Peopled by bats and snakes and creeping vermin,
Pine of a long fever, die of dropsy,
Or fill my veins up with some poisonous ichor;
Sooner than fatten in this soft retreat,
But rather to deplore my sullen fate,
My heedless haste as well as slow delay,
Which took no note of time or tide or fortune,
Or breeze of heaven when it blew to windward.
Nor do I pray the gods to intercede
In my behalf, warding their shafts of anger.

Would I had perished with Antiochus,
Out-generated by a servile slave of Xerxes,

And vanquished by a silly Persian boy,
 For it were honor to meet death in battle,
 Even with barbarians with unsullied arms,
 Than I, the proudest of my country's warriors,
 Who braved the flower of Lacædemon strength,
 (Thrice banished from my country still I love her)
 Should perish like a dog here in the dust,
 And meet with death in this lonely forest.
 In alien lands, unknown, unwept, unhonored.

Does Greece charge me with base ingratitude?
 Then may Greece live to mourn her utter folly.
 For though she live or die, I will not chide her,
 And though I die, I die a patriot;
 Me, they may kill but can not take my honor.
 How long is't since I had a bodeful vision?
 A fortnight hence, 'tis scarce a month ago.
 I well remember, Timandra, that you dressed me
 In your long robes and I stood before you,
 Clothed like a woman; a weakness worse than woman's
 Now comes to torture me with mortal anguish,
 You know the Athenians called me a weak woman,
 Which once I thought was jest, but now I know
 They spoke the bitter truth, even in their ravings.
 Last night, again I had a fearful dream:
 I thought, O Heaven, can aught those shapes dispel?
 O fearful sight that chills my very marrow,
 That turns my blood to ice, my veins to snow,
 Even as the memory returns again;
 Close at my back, lithe, straight as an arrow.
 In brazen helmet and with covered visage,
 There stood a silent executioner,

That with one move of his uplifted axe,
 And then a mighty stroke, cut off my head*
 Which rolled down to the ground, and I beheld
 My body writhing and my muscles quiver,
 My tongue protruding from my frothing mouth.
 And then I awoke, all in a clammy sweat,
 And bathed my throbbing temples into quiet.
 And now I know it was the hand of fate.
 Had I the faith that could move earth and Heaven,
 To bid yon mountain sink into the mere,
 From earth's four quarters loose the brooding whirl-
 wind

And make great Zeus loose his faithful lightnings,
 To smite my oppressors down in the dust,
 Yet would I not implore these sovereign powers
 To abate one jot or tittle of my fate;
 Fled from your arms, Timandra, I go
 To seek the endless shades, no tears I shed,
 But calmly wait the end of all things human.
 (Would that my country's foes had perished with me.)
 Wrapped in my robe of state, but not forever,
 For my brave deeds I know will live behind me
 Enrolled in fame's eternal chronicles,
 Triumphant over the weakness of dull time;
 Mourning for Greece with unrequited passion,
 Leaving her there to sink among her foes.

* These two dreams are mentioned by Plutarch. The scene is well calculated to inspire a modern European with terror, but the ancient Greeks were taught to meet death without flinching.

A Dream of Andalusia.

(Suggested by reading Irving's "The Alhambra.")

Tripping lightly o'er the plain;
 (Such scenes will ne'er return again)
 Youths and maidens of all ages,
 Fairer than in storied pages.
 Or live in chronicle and song,
 They can not be with us long.

Dames of high and low degree,
 Blossoming in chivalry.
 Let us watch them as they go
 "On the light, fantastic toe,"
 Wines, the finest of the earth,
 Drink, for life was made for mirth.
 With the mage Rodriguez,
 Under groves of olive trees.
 Beneath the dark Alhambra's shade,
 In sombre majesty arrayed,
 Where the men of ancient Spain
 Live and breathe and move again;
 Mid the blue Sierra mountains
 By Linderaxa's silvery fountains.
 In the magic "Court of Lions,"
 Where live yet the modern scions
 Of the Moor's ancestral race,
 Claiming still their rightful place.
 Or in Loxa's gloomy cavern,
 Or the Andalusian tavern.
 From the courtyard of the inn,
 Now behold the dance begin.
 Instruments of magic sound,

While the foaming cup goes round,
Castanets that sound afar,
With soft notes of the guitar.
With hostess and fair Josefa,
Tripping lightly o'er the plain,
Such scenes shall ne'er return again.

Full oft is the story told
In many a legend, quaint and old,
Of warriors bold, that sleep enchanted
In some grim cavern, dark and haunted,
'Till some one doth release the spell,
For ages that hath bound them well;
The king that hath three daughters fair,
Each cavalier doth bravely bear.
Safely away, fleet as the wind,
Save Zorakayda left behind;
Of Aben Habez's magic tower,
Built by priests' alchemic power,
Plunging his foes in dire distress
By a simple game of chess,
Or if it be our pleasure
To view the Moor's long hidden treasure,
We seize again the Arab's paper,
And by aid of his thin taper,
Behold the jewels, it unlocks,
Securely hid beneath the rocks;
See the three wights descend below,
Their pavement close with thunderous blow,
Or Ahmed by love's pangs distressed,
Start out upon his amorous quest.
Mid lawns and groves and shady bowers,
Spies Aldagonda 'mong her flowers.

Then, with his spellbound magic steed,
That he doth from his cavern lead,
In tourney's list his foe defies,
And with the princess swiftly flies;
Jacinthe's tears begin to flow
And waters bubble up below,
Or, trembling, touch her silver lute,
At which all other sounds are mute,
And birds pause in their noon-day flight,
To list with rapturous delight.
The king and meddling notary,
Pale cavalcades o'er the mountains fly;
Statues with heads turned towards the wall,
And Sanchez enter his treasured hall;
The reign of Alahmar, the Good,
Who his most grievous foes withstood
By faith in righteous Allah's cause,
Founding equitable laws;
Or Jusef Abel Hagias,
Magnanimous but brief his days.
But perished now, those ancient races,
No longer hold their wonted places.
Through shady bowers and sacred groves
The famed hobgoblin no more roves,
Dispeopled is the dreary plain:
Such scenes shall ne'er return again.

Ode on Viewing Liberty Bell at the World's Fair in 1893.

Was it the sound of this deep-toned bell,
Whose voice the solemn stillness broke,
Whose echoes as they rose and fell,
The flame of freedom woke,
Sacred in hearts that soon should feel
The foeman's cruel steel?

Those wild pulsations filled the land,
And traveled on from sea to sea;
Rousing the patriotic band,
Few yet with power to free
Themselves and all their broad domains
From serfdom's galling chains.

With God and Right to lead them on,
Their hosts were multiplied who came
From farm and field and fireside drawn
In Freedom's holy name,
Till their own land they repossessed,
With peace and plenty blessed.

Then in one peal of victory
That swelled from out thy parchèd throat,
Now that the lands across the sea
Had learned to fear the note,
Which now, alas! no more shall fall
From Independence Hall.

The ringer loudly rang, when lo!

The clapper struck the news to tell,
Too powerful was the eager blow
And cracked was Freedom's bell,
Emitting notes though harsh and rude.
With Freedom still imbued.

And now forth from a thousand towers,
Rings out a glad and joyous strain,
No crimson tide now stains the flowers,
That bloom on hill and plain,
No more by conquest's breezes fanned,
Our rich and prosperous land.

But Justice, Peace—the kingly rule
Of two twin brothers met to-day,
Experience—valuable school—
Religion lights the way
With Wisdom's voice to overawe,
Teaching the perfect law.

Telling in story and in song
Of how the nation still is great,
But not by triumphs that belong
To arms or warlike state,
But in the patriotic might
That battles for the right.

A Dream.

I had a friend, one such that not
An enemy could find a blot,
Or point a blemish in his name.
Or breathe a single word of blame;
And then it came, that on a day,
This friend he went from me away,

I know not why he left me, where
He's gone, if vanished into air;
(His spirit winged the upward road,
That leads to Heaven and to God),
Whether his corporeal mould
Too fragile was to longer hold,
His spirit pining to be free:
I only know that he left me,
And I was left to weep and sigh:
A weary wretch and cheerless I.

And now in visions of the night,
When close about the spiritual sight,
Are drawn the curtains that enfold
The region of the upper world,
This self-same friend again I see,
The same that went away from me.
Can it be true, is life a dream?
That things in sleep so real seem,
That we are ever sore distressed,
And full oft filled with vague unrest,
To know the future as the past,

About for wider knowledge cast,
And things forbidden to the scope,
Of mortal eyes, and only hope
That what we wish for, can be true,
The certainty, if we only knew.

I know not whether he so good
A friend on earth half understood
My forlorn state and came again,
Release to bring from weary pain,
Or longed again the scenes of yore,
To tread where once his footsteps bore,
The heat and burden of the day,
Re-animating mortal clay;
Whether his earthly toils perplexed,
And in some manner strangely vexed,
His spirit in that newer clime,
That made him long once more for time.
Whether the joys his spirits misses,
Drew him from his Eden-blisses.
On scenes of earth again to roam,
And find unchanged his mortal home;
He came and stood beside my bed,
A spirit risen from the dead;
I spoke to him, he uttered not
A syllable, but as he read my thought,
To know of his strange clime, he muttered
Some strange words as my candle fluttered,
So indistinct, of sense exempt,
I know not, whether heard or dreamt:
Then pointing upward, left my sight,
And vanished outward in the night.

Morning Song.

Let earth in joyous raptures wake,
And beasts and men their slumbers shake,
For lo! the sun is riding high,
His golden chariot spans the sky.

Awake to view the glowing morn,
Aurora's beams, the heavens adorn,
And you, ye sordid worldlings, too,
Your morning tasks again pursue.

Evening Song.

A sombre silence fills the sky,
A waiting rapture clothes the earth
And quietly doth nature's eye,
Look from the heavens calmly forth.

Now bow their heads as if in prayer,
The limbs in that old forest gray,
The sport of every gust of air,
Drooping their leaves at close of day.

And drowsy tinklings lull the folds
Upon the hillside dark and steep:
The quietude that nature holds,
Saying: "There is no death but sleep."

A whirr of insects in the wind,
Of bats and owls mid shades forlorn,
Or, yon thick growth of hedge behind,
A rustle of silver-tasseled corn.

Until the woodland choir awakes
To make an end of starry night,
And like a flood the sunshine breaks
Across the hills in waves of light.

The Cloud

The drops of dew which lightly filled
The air at early morning,
Almost invisibly distilled,
Of rain gave ample warning.
Thin foam-flakes into ether dropped
Are wreathed in forms fantastic,
And lightly moves the mass that propped
Yon hill-top's brow morastie.

Through turgid air, erelong so blue,
Noon's sunlight no more dances,
But inky clouds of deepening hue
Show how the storm advances.
Slow rolls the darkening cumulus,
Then fast, and ever faster,
It's waves roll black and ominous,
A portent of disaster.

The rugged hill the storm now shakes,
We feel its living presence
In every vapory wind that breaks
The noontide's calm quiescence.
Loud thunders roll, some raindrops dash
To earth in wild confusion,
Then swift again the sunlight's flash,
The storm was a delusion.

The Warning.

Two warriors met upon a plain,
Where soon full many a crimson stain
Should lie to mark the ensanguined spot,
Where two strong hosts to death had fought.
One was a warrior, tried and old:
The other young, but firm and bold.

“Brave not the fates,” the older said,
“Soon shall the field lie thick with dead,
For in my dreams of yesternight,
When horrid visions came to fright,
A corpse I saw you carried home,
With muffled feet and funeral drum.”

“Your words are vain,” the youth replied,
“You are the tempter at my side,
For go I will, the hero dies,
And asks no nobler sacrifice,”
He said, and paused and heeded not:
That night at home his corse was brought.

Coquetry.

SHE.

“Here, dearest, will you take and keep this,”
He said, with his gift of the morn.
At noon the rich present was sealed with a kiss,
But the gift of all value is shorn,
When I know there are others have shared in the bliss,
the bliss,
When I see on another the ring I have worn,

And feel the keen dart, which another may miss,
To lodge in my bosom and quicken distress,
And I, like a bird, bleeding and torn.

HE.

She's mocking me now with that proud look of her's,
She smiles, but 'tis surely in scorn.
Alas, for the hopes that her bright presence stirs,
They perish as soon as they're born.
My friends say to me: "She's false and she's vain,
Why bow to the beauty, why fall at her feet?
Her armourous glances are frauds, 'tis quite plain,
Her wiles, like the fowler's, are spread but to cheat.
Of beaux she has a round dozen or more,
Of lovers possesses at least half a score,
She wants you but to make her circle complete,
While she laughs at your misery and smiles at your
pain."
I shall heed them, for life still is sweet.

May.

MAY.

The wild bird is humming,
The woodlark is singing,
The swallows are coming,
The forests are ringing
With the voices of May.
All nature is gladness,
Her misery forgetting,
The winter's dark sadness,
Its gloom, the soul fretting,
Is vanished away.

The dark pall is lifted
Of Winter's snow palace,
And hither hath drifted
With balm in her chalice
The glorious May!
For sorrow is vanished
In Spring's golden hours,
And grief and care banished
By earth's fairest flowers
Blooming to-day!

October.

Summer days now nearly over,
Touched the fields with crests of white;
In the meadow lands the clover
Withers 'neath the frost's first blight.

Through the woods the rabbit leaping,
Seeks the swallow's empty nest;
Rustling 'neath each footfall, sleeping
Flowers are folded soft to rest.

In the distance faintly gleaming
Rise the hills through purple mist;
All the earth seems like a dreaming
God by heaven's breezes kissed.

In the garden, thin and yellow,
Lifts the sun-flower golden spires;
And across the distance mellow
Gleam the forest's crimson fires.

Quatrains

TIME.

Of old sat Time upon his star-crowned heigh
A god infirm and with half-blinded sight,
About his waist was girt a golden zone,
A king with earth and heaven for his throne

PEACE.

God give us peace, let no war echoes sound
In Europe, Asia, Africa or our own land,
Or dim sea islands, 'till the world around
In ties of human brotherhood are bound.

JOY.

Sorrow may last the night, but cometh Joy
At morn, as after storms the heavens smile.
"Depart," she says to grief and sore annoy,
"Open thine heart and I will bide awhile."

SORROW.

Sorrow, unbidden guest, oft sits alone,
And fills the aching heart with care and pain
A messenger divine, striking dumb as stone,
Only to lift to heaven's light again

PLEASURE.

"Pleasure," said Youth, "I'd live with thee,"
 "For me all knowledge tires:"
"Begone, fond youth, but fools love me,"
 She said: "The sage aspires."

VIRTUE.

Oh, jewel, rarer than the price
 Of gold or rubies, will aught suffice
To chain to earth thy virgin face,
 Keep ever pure thy blameless grace.

KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge, like the kings of old,
Scattereth rubies, pearls and gold;
Yet who among all these gifts doth find
One that's suited to his mind!

WISDOM.

Wisdom that art less loved of mortal men
Than gods, thou livest beyond human ken,
And only deign'st to come to earth from heaven,
To those who think in vain they've toiled and
 striven.

The Maid of Lepanto.

From dark Lepanto's gloomy height,
 The mists of morning lightly pass,
 As far below in tranquil light,
 The bay shines like a looking-glass.
 A thousand drops of emerald spray
 Zephyr bears to fairy bowers,
 Whose rising vapors melt away,
 And then descend in genial showers.

What form is that upon the rock,
 Which beetles o'er the gleaming wave.
 And well she felt and feared the shock,
 But paused not long above her grave.
 But one wild leap and all was o'er,
 The waves drowned her despairing cry,
 The turgid ocean's sullen roar
 Told never tale of treachery.

Oh, maiden, with the pale cold brow,
 Why fleddest thou on thy wedding morn?
 Thy lover clasps thy bosom now,
 Too soon to be from his presence torn.
 The guests are met, the feast is set.
 Alas! the feast is but for one!
 Return, thy lover waits thee yet,
 But thou fliest swifter than the sun.

No earthly lover cravest thou,
 Thou'rt more in love with cheerful death.
 Ah, maiden fair, on thy pale brow,
 Already thou feel'st his icy breath.

But yesternight, by the pale moonlight,
 Thou didst hie over bog and stone,
 And on that rock thy faith didst plight
 To another lover and him alone.

Your plighted troth you would have kept,
 But a cruel father intervened.
 In vain he plead, in vain you wept,
 Yet well your purpose inly screened.
 The fair morn came, the bridegroom brought,
 You spoke but once and left the place;
 In vain, both high and low, they sought,
 Then weary with hunting forbore the chase.

'Twas moonlight on Lepanto's height,
 Two fishermen drag to shore their net:
 Though steadily struggles each toiling wight,
 A female form, with hair of jet,
 Was all that they brought, 'twas the lady dead!
 "Bury her deep down in the sand,
 For she is a stranger here," they said,
 "A stranger in an alien land."

And, now, when on lover's moonstruck state,
 The course of true love turns awry,
 "Remember the Maid of Lepanto's fate,"
 They say, and for her heave a sigh.
 And when the tie they would stronger make
 By parents' arts is asunder riven,
 They gaze, but leap not in that lake,
 And trust their love to time and heaven.

But some say that on dark Summer eves

A spirit hovers o'er the water,

Fair as an houri, 'mid the leaves,

Or ocean's unrivalled daughter.

And they aver that 'tis the Maid,

Though her body in the sand reposes,

Who, in fresh loveliness arrayed,

Sits crowned amid a bower of roses

Some say, who walks beside that stream

In stormy weather may discover,

Lost mid the pebbles' silvery gleam,

The footsteps of her spirit lover.

On dark Lepanto's gloomy height,

The genius of despair is wroken,

Whene'er, as on that fateful night,

Hearts fond as their's for love have broken.

Transmigration.

An angel, in a roving fit,

Vouchsafed one named Peter Pye

Upon the hornèd moon to sit.

There set in the midst of heaven's eye,

He viewed on earth the processes,

Of which before he could but guess.

Simple the boon that Peter craved:

"Lord grant that I, even Peter Pye,

Thy humble servant, may be saved,

In thy good time, when I shall die,

But, first from the moon I would behold,

Thy wondrous works, O Lord, unrolled "

The angel heard his small request,
And swift to earth his chariot raced.
His coursers neither pause nor rest,
Till Peter in due time is placed
Upon the crescent moon's thin edge,
That hangs in heaven like a golden wedge.

When Peter his eyes did downward cast,
He saw as plain as might appear,
Each kingdom, country, first and last,
Each line, each zone, each hemisphere,
Poland and China, Greece and Rome,
He even saw his former home.

He saw—for the sight was to him given,
The earth in majesty arrayed:
The tranquil sun in serene heaven,
In splendor, alternate light and shade.
All these on Peter's vision broke,
And unobscured by mist or smoke.

He saw the mighty Alps arise,
Majestic in their grand repose;
The palm tree wave 'neath sultry skies,
And winter wrap the poles in snows.
Each lake, each river, gulf and sea,
Were all as plain as plain could be.

Earth's multitudinous scenes present
A two-fold grandeur to his sight,
For, as on earth his eyes he bent,
He saw the world half day, half night,
Where rivers run, or oceans roll,
He viewed the earth from pole to pole.

He saw Sahara's desert sand,
The Dead Sea yield its bitter fruit,
He viewed what was the Promised Land,
Where Eden had its primal root.
'Tis said he saw, more strange than these,
The Gardens of the Hesperides.

All things that lived before as myth,
Or fable were now as plain as day.
Strong Hercules he journeyed with,
Now stretched across the Milky Way,
When he performed his wondrous works,
Or Solyman when he battled with his Turks.

More wondrous on his vision broke,
The hidden life of plants and trees:
He saw the sap rise in the oak,
The fir yield juice for ants and bees;
What to man before was ne'er revealed,
Was now to him a book unsealed.

He saw all animals of earth,
Elephant to gazelle with silvery feet,
From their natural jungles come forth,
Lion and tiger, frog and newt,
All hidden monsters of the deep,
From beasts that run to snakes that creep.

And animals and men he saw,
Waging on each perpetual strife:
Creation one devouring maw;
The multitudinous life
Of all things feed upon its brother,
Alas, that none such strife could smother!

He saw the leopard paint his spots,
 The zebra don his striped hide.
 Until he thought—how vain his thoughts,
 In his new knowledge dignified.
 Such wonders in his mind's small scope,
 That he felt wiser than the Pope.

For things the learned had tried to find
 For ages, philosophers of old,
 Were all revealed till Peter's mind
 Was stuffed and crammed, more could not hold.
 When he returned, his journey through,
 Men soon should learn how much he knew.

He sat an earth-god on his throne,
 Like Plato or Archimedes,
 Or, he that in the desert lone,
 Saw the ladder reaching to the skies.
 In winter, summer, frost or heat,
 There Peter kept his tranquil seat.

But weary of all earthly things,
 Peter above now bends his gaze,
 To view those spirits that on bright wings
 Bask ever in heaven's unchanging rays.
 "Lord, grant a sight of heaven give,
 That I a wiser man may live."

No peace of mind did Peter know,
 Now he had probed earth's mysteries,
 And tiring of gazing at things below,
 Till he into the secret pries,
 Of those fair forms that bow and nod
 In homage about the throne of God.

Whereat the angel wroth appears
 That his too curious mind is bent
 To see and hear what by heavenly ears
 And eyes can but be seen and heard,
 Swift hurls him down with ruthless hand,
 And Peter obeys the stern command.

But first he causèd Luna fair
 To pass in to a dark eclip',
 When Peter finding no resting there,
 Perforce must slide off at its tip,
 And now on earth a common man,
 Presumes no more heaven's works to scan.

This moral, reader, find applied,
 When mortal men with feeble strength,
 Would strive for lore to man denied,
 That they must perish at length,
 Or else with their shortcomings fail,
 As Peter failed—so ends my tale.

Time, Fate and Chance.

Three travelers met upon a road,
 (Their names were Time and Fate and Chance),
 That onward led to the abode
 Of plastic Circumstance.
 And one was wizened, wan and old,
 But two were stout and bold.
 Said Time, the eldest, whose right hand
 Grasped firm the scythe of magic power,
 While in his left the glowing sand
 Marked off the trembling hour:

“Since fortune’s brought us face to face,
Appointing date and meeting place,
Now, strangers, I propose that we
Provide a banquet for the three.”

No sooner said, than quick as wink,
To this the company all agreed.
A bounteous feast of meat and drink
Was magically spread,
And on the ground the board is set,
Round which the guests are met.

And soon the crowd with merry voice,
Awoke the echoes far and wide;
Old Time, he bade them all rejoice,
And banish care on every side.
When they at last the wine did reach,
He quaffed a glass to each.

A bumper first he pledged to Chance,
And then to Fate his cup did fill.
The beaded bubbles wink and dance,
The merry voices are not still,
And as each foaming cup goes round,
Laughter and talk make joyful sound.

Then upspake Time: “No churl am I,
And so a forfeit I resign
To one of our brave company,
A cask of precious wine,
Who will the story best relate
What last befell or Chance or Fate.”

"Beside the lake at early morn,
I met a maiden passing fair,
Gold ringlets did her brows adorn,
Her step was light as air,
And then," said Chance, "Ah! woe to tell,
She in the water fell."

"Yet, hear the end," for ere she drowned,
"I caused a traveller passing by,
To quickly seize and at one bound,
When he had heard her cry,
To rescue from a watery grave,
Thus I a life did save."

"Last night," said Fate, "a battle raged,
I stood and watched each sabre thrust,
And as the conflict fierce was waged,
Saw thousands bite the dust,
But one in pride of youth arrayed,
Stood firm and undismayed."

"I wept full sore aught should betide,
And yet I'd marked him for my own.
I caused a javelin pierce his side,
I heard his dying groan,
No kindly hand did him befriend,
Thus I a life did end."

Said Time, "All things are in my hands,
For me the sun and moon do shine.
And now my forfeit I demand,
For you and all are mine.

In me did Chance the maiden save,
The warrior find a grave.''

In a Flower Garden.

Lilies, roses, heliotropes, all in gay profusion,
Decking with their vernal blooms the festive
lap of May;
Yellows, reds and violets, mingled in confusion,
Greet my view as through the scented greenery
I stray.

Lemon, orange, citron trees, growing all together,
Underneath their spreading boughs a net of
trailing vines;
They are blooming everywhere, no matter what the
weather,
How cold doth blow the wind outside or how hot
the sun shines.

Here will I rest awhile, flowers are a treasure;
There are no blooms on earth surely like these,
Plucking wild flowers in Summer is a rare
pleasure,
But in a wintry Spring how odd, when no one sees.

Yonder is a tree the gardener is tending,
Like a tender shrub or a delicate spring shoot,
Whose overladen boughs to earth are fairly
bending
With their weight of luscious and golden fruit.

Underneath its spreading boughs in the twilight
glory,

Bathing all the place in a gold and purple glow,
Sit two happy lovers, telling o'er the story,
The old, old story, that was old long ago,

So I glide in unespied, for love is to aught else
unseeing;

It surely were a place for lovers most meet,
Not in a fairer spot might Psyche, from Love's
footsteps fleetly fleeing,

Pause to gather her a chaplet of flowers sweet.

So I watched the happy lovers till the daylight
dying

Warned me that the hours were passing all too
soon,

Then I thought of how when Winter came and the
year was a-dying

Would perish the bright blossoms and the flow-
ers of June.

Thus, mused I, passeth love, like every fond
illusion

That is born in Summer and lives but on a
fine day;

How many happy sights and how many a vain
delusion,

Greet my view as through the scented greenery
I stray.

Ballad of Mary Ann.

Oh, Mary Ann! My Mary Ann,
Let's be again a-coortin;
Though thirty years have come an' gone
Since we were wed for soortin;
But, still, through sunshine an' through shade,
Through bright or stormy weather,
We've kept blithe hearts since you an' me
The parson joined together.

Then up the hill and down the hill,
We'll wander friend and lover,
Huntin' for the sprig of mint
Or for the four-leaved clover;
An' we'll live o'er again the scenes
When our youthful love began;
I'll still be plain John Myers,
An' you just Mary Ann!

Though many a friend that at our door,
We met with hearty greeting,
Now rests upon the silent shore,
In heaven his comrades meeting;
Yet others live the place to fill
Of those of life's fresh summer,
An' with a smile of gladness still
We'll welcome each new-comer.

We'll walk back to the old frame church,
This quiet afternoon,
While birds are singing in the trees
A blithesome summer tune;
An' sit upon the dusty steps,
Once trod by Parson Brown,
An' hear again his sleepy choir,
The best in all the town.

Or to the schoolhouse on the hill,
Perhaps our steps will wander,
Where we full many a lesson learned
We have not ceased to ponder;
Almost we see Tom an' Bill Jones,
That were kept in at play-time;
You're sixteen yet, I twenty-four,
'Tis life's delicious May-time.

Then Mary Ann! My Mary Ann,
Let's be again a-coortin;
Though thirty years are past an' gone
Since we were wed for soortin;
But, still, through sunshine and through shade,
An' storms that followed after,
We've kept light hearts and undismayed
With room for song and laughter.

Then up the hill and down the hill,
We'll wander, friend and lover,
Hunting for the sprig of mint,
Or for the four-leaved clover,

An' we'll live o'er again the scenes,
 When youthful love began,
 I'll still be plain John Myers,
 An' you just Mary Ann.

Courtship on the Bicycle.

There they come, Maria, a-whirrin' an' whizzin',
 An' dancin' like mad right over the rough
 stones;

That feller in the jacket has fallen off his'n.

Look out, young feller, fer broken bones.

He's talkin' peert to the lady ridin',

A leetle too fast to suit the law.

Why, I'll be cussed, ef he aint a-slidin'

Smack into the gutter right agen his jaw.

Now he's up agen. Well I'd call that risky

To ride them wheels, but they think it nice

I 'spose for he's at it agen ez frisky

Ez a young kitten runnin' after mice;

He'll ketch up bime-by. Now, stan' a leetle

Off'n the road, down in the grass.

Why he's a-movin' slower an' a beetle.

Is he goin' to stop? We'll let 'em pass.

He's talkin' to the one that wears a bloomer,

I guess they call it—looks like a balloon.

His costume, well, if it aint a loomer,

With his coat that was pulled a trifle too soon;

They're courtin' though ez sure ez my name's
Jeremiah.

Whoever heerd tell of sparkin' on wheels;
Twar'nt that way we did it, Maria,
A-spinnin' our yarns over the spools an' reels.

He's a-makin' love, though, in ol' time fashion.

Ef we'll be right smart mebbe we can hear
What he's a-sayin', the words of passion,

He's a-whisperin' into the lady's ear;
Will she be his'n? Well, now, I reckon,

This is ez goodez a circus show;
She'll be the star that'll shine an' beckon
Acrost his path—Is it yes or no?

Ef he'd only talk a leetle plainer,

An' not so mumbly, mebbe I could tell.

His voice 't seems wuz run through a strainer,

Fer it's thick ez mush an' choked up—Well,
Will she be his—thought I heerd the answer.

This college brogue's hard to understan'.
Heerd "love till death," an' I guess she'll
chance 'er.

So, now, let's go an' giv'm our han'.

A Modern Version of Little Red Riding-hood.

Oh, maid so fair,
And debonaire,
 All lovely as thou art;
Now comes a time,
Forscoth a crime,
 When thou and I must part.

The wolf I ween,
With teeth as keen
 And sharp as polished dart,
An hour hath stood,
In this dark wood,
 To terrify your heart.

And though I prize,
In worldly wise,
 Your beauty and your pelf,
And would risk all
I have, though small,
 To save you, but myself.

Yet what were wealth,
When minus health,
 An arm or leg, I know.
For you I see
Safe in the tree,
 The wolf and me below.

And no fire-arm,
To do him harm,
Or pistol at my side,
Have I, or stock
Of wood, or rock
To kill and claim my bride.

And when the beast
Hath made a feast
Of me and doth devour,
He'll wait for you,
What will you do,
When he hath you in his power.

Then spake the maid,
"Be not afraid,"
She to her lover said,
"Though weary-eyed,
I've watched and sighed,
And wept full oft and prayed."

"Speak soft and low
To him, I know
The creature will go away.
And in the hour
That he hath gone
Will be our bridal day."

"Come, wolfie, dear,
To me 'tis clear,"
He said, "you've stayed too long,
Although you wait,
With stealthy gait,
To work this creature wrong."

“Go, scamper off,
Your head to doff,
 In yonder brook so clear,
Beyond you’ll find
More of your kind,
 While I rescue the maiden here.”

Then with light feet,
As rabbit fleet,
 He plunges in the stream.
His shaggy mane,
Like polished stone,
 Through silvery waters gleam.

Now, said the swain,
Since ’tis quite plain
 That he hath left to me,
This maid so fair,
And debonaire,
 Then I’ll saw down the tree.

“Oh,” cried the maid,
“I’m sore afraid,
 All here in this lone wood;
For when doth fall,
The tree and all,
Who’ll save poor Riding-hood?”

“My limbs are strong,
And stout and long,”
 Her lover said, “my arm

And I will watch
You and I'll catch
And save you from all harm."

Then spake the maid,
"I am afraid,
You think but of my pelf."
"No," said the youth,
"In very truth,
I only prize yourself."

So now is told
The story old,
In modern verse "impearled."
"But yet the lay
Is false," you say.
So is it with the world!

Epitaph on the Death of a Young Cat.

Kitten, perished in your bloom,
This your only trophy,
That I should write upon your tomb,
This brief cat-a-strophe.
No more to lick your paws to lave
And wipe your snow-white face,
Rest quiet in your little grave,
Requies—cat in pace.

III.—The Light of Life:

A Medley.

1889.

Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
—*Ariels' Song in Tempest.*

NOTE I.—A man who has drunk deep of the fountains of knowledge, but is still unable to comprehend the mystery of existence, stands alone on the seashore and compares his life to a voyage on an unknown sea led by the stars of Faith and Hope. (4) He laments that while the earth renews itself with each succeeding spring, yet his days, once past, never return to him again, and that the "Melodious Season of Youth," when gone, is gone forever; but he is comforted by the reflection that nothing of real worth is ever entirely lost. In this and the succeeding divisions of the poem he invokes the forces and powers of nature for light and guidance which, although they are represented as sympathizing with him, yet can afford him no relief.

II. Since life seems to be nothing but a fruitless struggle, and the knowledge of the future is involved in doubt, he exhorts himself to enjoy the pleasures of the world.

III. This epode contains an invocation to the Spirit of Truth for light on the mysteries of the future, but all the aid it can afford him is from the past, and he listens to the "Voices from Eternity," not of the moribund world, but the testimony of the belief of the men of all ages in the immortality of a life beyond the present.

IV. Wearied with speculation, he invites the Spirit of Sleep to come and cover him with the mantle of oblivion.

V. He contrasts the brief and uncertain period of his earthly existence with "the imperial palace whence he came," in which the platonic idea of pre-existence is implied and at last enters the "port of peace," the assurance that since the soul had its existence prior to this life and is of divine origin, it will outlast the present, and can never perish, ever striving in the future world to attain fuller perfection and development.*

* When returning unto herself, the Soul reflects then she passes into the realm of purity and eternity and immortality, and unchangeableness, which are her kindred, and with them she ever lives and is not let or hindered. There she ceases from her erring ways, and being in communion with the unchanging is unchanging. And this state of the Soul is called Wisdom.—PHAEDO.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE: A MEDLEY.

I.

I stood on the shore while the winds were swept

And the seas and the skies grew a tempest of black;
First the waters lapped low on the crag where they
 crept,

Then rose in long billows across their lone track.
"Thou art greater, O Sea, than aught besides,"

I said, "But art less than a grain of life;
For Man o'er thy bosom triumphantly rides

And his ships do but sport in the flood of thy
 strife."

Proud ruler of storms, though he be yet alone,

Is he more or less than a stick or a stone,

To be tossed or be sunk at the beck of the wave,

While thou weavest rich shells for the mariner's
 grave?

The rocks and the reefs are the bounds of thy coast

And I dread to be on that strange sea lost!

2.

Life, thou hast a sea as vast and strange,

And its bounds are met in the limitless deeps,

Where the march of the Morning Star showeth no
 change.

And the far planet drinks from his Sun as he
 sweeps.

The monarchs of earth make a crown for thy head,

But a king thou dost rule in a realm of thy own:

Thou countest the living, thou numberest the dead.

And thy brother, Death, rules by thy side on thy throne.

And man can but sit at thy outermost gate:

He may charm all his foes, but he can not charm fate;

Tho' he hope by the chant of an unknown hymn

To circle the shadows that compass him dim,

A murky futurity hides from his eyes

The wrath of his heavens, and the wreck of his skies!

Life's rocks and its reefs are the bounds of thy coast,

And I dread to be on thy strange sea lost!

3.

I stood where the light met the spirits of dark

In the dim, quiv'ring twilight, at evening's long close,

And the glimpse of the day grew as wierd as a spark

As the starry spheres, robed in his splendors, arose;

Then—how, now I know not—to me they did lend

A wisdom my heart had found alien thus far:

To aid or to thwart us heaven's brightest beams bend,

And our face is re-lit in the face of a star.

Tyrants, here is a Scepter even you can not break!

Kings, here is a kingdom you never will shake:

Soul, here is one Soul that outshineth thine,

And the sum of all Ruling Powers, endless, divine,

Thro' the mystic Orion and Pleiades seven

Guides this tough rocky earth 'twixt the sun and the

Heaven;

Time, I pray that the light be not false on thy coast:

O I dread there to wander, deserted and lost!

**Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion.—JOB.*

There are some that say "mourn," and are others
"rejoice";

4.

Tho' my heart were weighed down by a stone, they
cry, "sing."

O the strength of the Summer is snatched from its
voice,

And its icy cold touch strikes a desolate string.

O melodious season, departed so soon?

(Joy passed is so rich we can tell not its worth;
The dew on the meadow, the clouds on the noon

But show how intrinsically sweet is this earth)

O days of days gone, O! for evermore gone!

Your beauties and graces I shall ne'er gaze upon!

The mist changed to vapor, the vapor to rain,

Returns to replenish its earth-force again,

The dew on the grass and the fog on the river

Shall vanish away, but not quite forever:

Anon will come a bright spirit of air,

When lo! how it shows its allegiance there!

To dance on the lips of a broad summer sea

Or to give to sea-ripples their light melody;

On the first breathed incense of morning to fly

To add to the blue or jet light of love's eye:

But day of days gone, forevermore gone,

Your beauties and graces I shall ne'er gaze upon.

The leaves by cold Winter are struck from the tree,

But gay in the spring it doth bloom merrily;

The voice of the blue-bird is hushed in the meadow,

Full soon he will rise swift to outfly his shadow,

The ear in the shock and the corn in the ear
Strong food of man, doth in its season appear.
And roses and lilies strew their pinks and their pearls
Where bright fairies step and the feet of fair girls;
All flowers and all fruits turn to ashes and mould;
And nature grows young while the earth's growing
old—

But day of days gone, O, for evermore gone.
Your beauties and graces I shall ne'er gaze upon.
The creatures of fashion, we work and we play,
And to-morrow we finish the task of to-day.
One day will have triumphs but the next comes to
damp

Our joy: leaves a broad, ineffaceable stamp.
The ages must bring us our recompense due
In measures the Heavens must weigh and make true!
In this light none may waver, from this eye naught
can pass,

From the blue of the sky to the green of the grass;
And nothing is lost, from the gem to the spark—
O here is sweet breath for the soul that is dark.
A dim light I see stretched across a long coast,
I shall no longer be on that wild sea lost!

II

Sing a song of Life today;
Leave Death to the slavish beast;
How much are we more than they?
Let us drink and let us feast.

Sing a song of Mirth to-day;
Bid the wreathed head come smile,
Fools and cowards that they say:
“Wait the merry after-while.”

Sing a song of Love to-day;
Fling the rose and myrtle bloom
O'er young brows to fright away
Demon from the hollow tomb!

Sing a song of Rest to-day;
Strife bid cease, Toil no more be
A pale spectre, cold and gray,
In a soul no longer free.

Sing a song of Life to-day;
Leave Death to the slavish beast;
How much are we more than they?
Let us drink and let us feast!

III.

Cast upon this barren shore,
Stained by weather, toil and travel,
How know we what lies before,
Who this mystery will unravel?
Breath of Heaven grant us more,
We may tread on golden gravel:
Spurning blindly at our feet,
What the world might hold most sweet!

Yet, as parting shadows lift,
Know we some fair star hath found us
And, on favoring gales adrift,
Shatters incense all around us.
Then not vainly seek to rift
Spell no mortal hand hath bound us;
Madly beating these strong bars,
Gazing vacant on the stars!

Stars which rise no more to set,
Going, gone, but failing never!
Orbs no human eye hath met
Basking in their gleams forever!
More hath Truth not told us yet,
Subtlest chain no hand may sever;
Gordion knot of all the powers,
Still may bind their souls to ours.

Soul of Truth, of Life and Light,
Thou art, like the worlds, immortal,
And the dim old face of night
Lightens near thy radiant portal!
From the ancient azure height,
Never, never trod of mortal,
Mists of darkness fly away,
As the dusk flies from the day!

More than Wisdom of the Years
Bold, upon thy brow is burning!
Thou sit'st crowned, a hundred spheres
Roll beneath thy feet's cold spurning!
Time's broad wheel nor shades nor sears
Thy strong visage, calm as morning!
Wrinkled ages pass thee by—
Thee it is not given to die!

Ancient Truth, full-orbed, to-day,
Tell us, tell us of to-morrow!
Shall we never pass away?
Flit we here like shapes of sorrow?
As the rainbow from the ray,
So from some hid fountain borrow

Living light, which, thence returned,
Knows not in whose soul it burned?

Do we wake or do we sleep?

Or are living, or are dreaming?

Cruel pangs may light and keep

Watch-fire by the heart's pale gleaming,
And chill streams may withering creep,

'Neath this fair-masked outward seeming.

Heaven and earth we should not know,
If Fate had not willed it so.

Faith is much, but is not all;

Trusting sweet but sweeter knowing,
Could we know, or hear while fall

Heavenly strains on dull ears flowing.
List, it is for us they call;

Or are coming or are going—

Voices from eternity:

Are and were and yet shall be!

IV.

Come ye low winds that blow

O'er mountain and city and coast;

Will ye let me ride with ye,

Shaken and tempest-tossed?

I would I could for a moment be

Not myself, but a being lost—

Lost on thy wild-blown breezes free—

Freer than life loved most.

Draw thou nigh, Sea that high

Dashest thy broken foam!

The sea-gulls cry, but their notes will die
Soon, when they reach their home;

Their home, not mine, that points to the sky
In spires from a spiry dome;
O! That I might thitherward fly—
I would dwell where no dangers come.

Drop thou deep slumb'rous Sleep!
Mine eyes wax heavy and dim;
But hold and steep, where thy bare winds sweep
And thy shadows grow ghastly and grim
Outstretches a gulf and my heart fears to leap
And my foot, chill-crossed on its brim,
Stands poised. Not Death, but thou, O Sleep!

Tho' thou art a brother to him.
Bear me away, O Light of Day,
On your wings that are lit by the sun,
Far better it were to conquer there,
Tho' a million perils run,
Than to grasp at a wreath that is cold and bare,
Or a world ignobly won.
To grind out my grist from the clods of care,
And to faint when the day is done.

Were this vain world into chaos hurled,
From the wreck which lies shattered and vast,
I should ask for naught, yet a single thought
Tho' clouds may our skies o'ercast,
Know, never a stain of this earth may blot,
Nor breath of the heavens blast
This Soul of ethereal texture wrought—
It will live when the worlds are passed.

Let them wander away where the heaven's day
Faints and fades in a sphereless night,
Till, one by one, to the outermost sun

Falls before the long finger of blight,
Says the soul, "They do fret away life and are
done,

They are touched by a mightier might
And they fail, but my race is just begun,
Where I am is Life and Light."

V.

Soul, once in a realm that was fairer than this
Thou didst rule on a great purple throne.
Some power hath disputed and warred with thy bliss:
Of late is thy genius o'erthrown,
Companion of devils and mate to the beast,
Thou hold'st a famine, thou countest a feast;
Thy heart is not theirs nor thy own.

Soul, tell me of purple thrones, weary of life
I do faint on this vain earth;
Gay wind-shells and husks laugh where Death is
most rife,
At a funeral make a loud mirth,
I pine for the shadowless fountains of Light
To chasten earth's shadows to figures that bright
Shine a crown of all beauty and worth.

Soul, what splendid treasures were poured at thy
feet—

Frankincense and myrrh and heart's-ease!
Hold'st earth's dust more rich than the olive, more
sweet

Than the fruits of all beautiful trees?
Hast so soon forgotten thine ancient large home?
Fair spirits will welcome thee when thou art come;
O enter the port of thy peace.

IV.—Poems Relating to the Spanish and Cuban War.

1898.

Perish shall all which takes
From Labor's board and can:
Perish shall all which makes
A Spaniel of the Man!

—Whittier.

Weak is his tower with pampering wealth,
In brief alliance,
Who spurns great Justice' altar dread
With damned defiance;
Him the deep hell shall claim and shame
His vain reliance.

—Aeschylus' Agamemnon.

PREFATORY NOTE.

In the original preface to this small volume, which was written before the destruction of the U. S. battleship "Maine," and the declaration of war, following shortly after this event, the author took occasion to allude to certain matters which have since become, officially, the sentiments of the American people. It will therefore only be necessary to make such extracts from it as will serve to render the meaning intelligible.

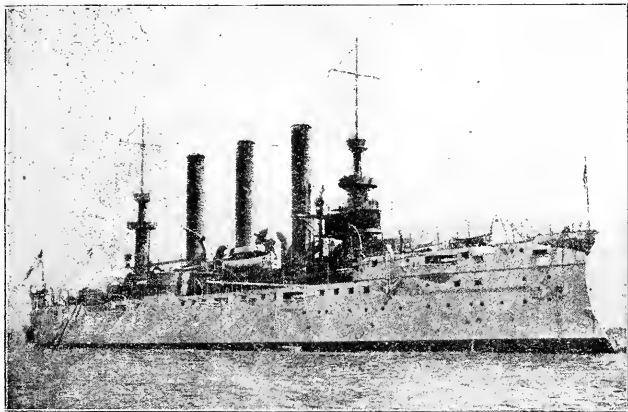
In these Poems (which, with the exception of those referring to more recent events), were written last year, the Author has aimed to give expression to a sentiment present, not only in isolated communities, but every section of this great country. The conduct of Spain towards Cuba has aroused the strongest resentment and condemnation, not only of America, but of the civilized world. War at best cruel and relentless, has been rendered several fold more terrible, being waged with more than barbaric fury. It has smitten the innocent, and scattered blood upon the threshold of almost every home. Inhumanities unworthy of the sixteenth century have been perpetrated at our very doors. The author has not aimed at rhetorical display. The simple truth, devoid of the graces of language and outward ornamentation, is sufficiently impressive. Conscious that his feeble efforts may have no wide influence, he, nevertheless, may be permitted to express the hope that this oppressed country, whose lyre is tuneless, but whose sun of liberty has not yet set, may soon obtain its freedom, or that the intervention of other and more friendly powers may speedily terminate what must always be regarded as one of the darkest stains upon the pages of history.

January 13, 1898.

Since this occurrence, however, the rapid progress of recent events has served to render the above language no longer applicable to existing conditions. The poems now, therefore, only aptly describe scenes happily passing away. The triumphs of the American navy at Manila and Santiago are upon everybody's tongue. Not only has "The Maine" been "avenged" in a glorious manner, but an oppressed people has been freed from the yoke of bondage (for which let us give thanks), the terms of peace accepted by Spain vouchsafing to the island tranquility, if not absolute independence.

"Yet Freedom! yet, thy banner torn but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind;
Thy trumpet-voice though broken now and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind."

WINCHESTER, OHIO, Aug. 16, 1898.



COMMODORE SCHLEY'S FLAGSHIP, "THE BROOKLYN."

Cuba's Appeal.

Cuba, fair isle, that the hand of the Spaniard

In rage is uplifted to smite from the seas,

If power yet be thine to drive back the oppressor,

Fling liberty's banner again to the breeze;

Let its broad flag unfolding, encompass the nation,

And cheer the brave armies from mountain and
plain—

They are coming, enrolled 'neath the banner of
Freedom;

They are coming with vengeance to wreak for the
slain!

Cuba, thou beautiful Queen of the Antilles,

Where once Freedom's armies so gallantly stood,
How darkened by war are thy lovely plantations,

How red are thy fields with thy patriot's blood!
For the soldier's dread hand there has wrought
desolation,

And murder and slaughter his musket and sword;
And the cries and the groans of the wounded and
dying

Have risen in might to the ears of the Lord.

From town and from city, from village and hamlet,
From hovel and prison, from palace and cot;
From every loved spot where once roamed thy brave
warriors;

From every dark place where the pillage was
wrought;

From the mill and the storehouse and marts of the
nation;

From the fields where thy patriot armies have trod,
The wails of thy dying have risen to heaven,
The cries of thy ravished ascended to God.

For vengeance they call, for their women and children

That the red hand of carnage hath ruthlessly slain;
For vengeance calls out each foul blot on the island;
For vengeance aloud calls out each bloody plain.

The world they appeal to as friends and as neighbors,
To each favored land in each ocean and sea,
But chiefly to us as the nation of freedom,

The land of the brave and the home of the free.

Shall we pass unheeded the call of our brothers,
Who've battled so nobly for home and for right,
Who cherish the deeds of our patriot fathers
And the freedom they won us in each bloody fight?
Let not the appeal be in vain, may a message
Of friendship be sent from the home of the brave;
That freedom may crown all the patriot armies—
The freedom to us that our forefathers gave.

Sonnet: Cuba.

Cuba, torn, weak and trembling as thou art,
The Bird of Prey hath caught within his clutch;
Whom we thy neighbors had not dared to touch,
Plundered and starved and ravaged at thy heart.
(Though strongly suffering—irony of scorn—
Wounds too grievous in patience to be borne,
And all th' accursed Spaniard made thee feel).
Though multiplied by twice ten thousand wrongs,
Though each deep wound be made to bleed again,
It would not curb the valor of thy men;
Thy sufferings to time and earth belong,
Thy injury only heaven can efface;
'Mong nations give to thee thy rightful place.

Cuba's Call.

Hear ye our brothers calling
To us in the land of the free?
Their necks Spain's yoke enthralling,
They have struck for liberty;
And now, in the hour of their darkest need,
They have called to us: shall we hear and heed?

Their pennon has long been flying
And waving in the wind;
But the wounded, dead and dying
They have left in the ditch behind;
While onward marches the patriot band
Gaunt famine stalks through the desert land!

They have fallen before the foeman,
They have starved their homes beside,
Until half a million yeoman
And women and children died;
The blood of the slaughtered bedews the plain;
It has risen to heaven: shall it be in vain?

Cuba Libre.

Hear the cry of Cuba calling
To the land of liberty;
Help us, brothers, or we perish,
Help us, brothers, or we die.
We are starving in our dwellings,
We are falling in the field;
We are dying by the thousands;
Help us, ere we sink or yield.
By the name you love and cherish—
Sacred name of Washington,
Let the Pilgrims' brave descendants
Lead your patriot armies on.
By their deeds and bright example
Blazon acts as worthy still,
In the cause of right and justice,
Strike with eager heart and will.

Strike until the monster tremble,
Strike until the butcher flee,
Strike until the wrong is righted;
Strike again for liberty!
'Till the Spaniard in his frenzy
Feels again God's righteous laws,
Not 'till then let the sword of vengeance
Cease to strike in freedom's cause.

Columbia's Lament.

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; and there's
pansies, that's for thoughts.—OPHELIA IN HAMLET.

I mourn my fallen heroes,
The sailors of the Maine;
Though dead, they are not vanquished,
Their spirits rise again;
They live in hearts of freemen
As brave and true as they
Who stood for home and country
On Freedom's natal day.

I mourn my murdered sailors,
But not in vain they died,
If quelled the haughty tyrant
The Spaniard in his pride;
If the insatiate demon
Be made to bite the dust,
I ask not earth to render
The bodies in her trust.

I mourn my murdered children;
They slumber in a land
Unconsecrate by freedom
By blood-stained breezes fanned;
Within a foreign harbor
Their mouldering bones decay;
But their souls are marching onward
For freedom to make way.

I mourn my gallant seamen
By cruel treachery slain;
Soon shall my glorious banner
To victory lead again.
No foe shall dare dishonor
This emblem of the free;
No king or tyrant dare molest
Our blood-bought liberty!

Lift up again that standard
As high as when it led
Ten hundred thousand heroes,
The living and the dead;
And may still wave in triumph
In thickest of the fight,
Our flag of white and crimson,
With stars of heavenly light!

Beneath its folds shall gather
The brave on sea and land,
The Northern and the Southern
Shall re-united stand—
No North, no South, no East, no West,
When the bugle-call shall run

From New York to Alabama
And from Maine to Oregon.

Arise, Columbia's soldiers
Who've never known defeat,
Once more beside the camp-fire
Our armies soon shall meet.
I mourn my murdered heroes,
But not in vain the blow,
If the ancient wrong is righted,
And tyranny laid low!

The Noble Labors of Miss Clara Barton in Relieving Suffering in Cuba.

History's pages oft record the deeds
Of heroes in the bloody ranks of war
Who bore full many an honorable scar,
And won the laurels of fame's earthly meeds;
And sometimes, too, an angel of mercy stands,
To soothe the suffering and relieve the pain;
So even in this plague-spot, gentle hands
Have banished want, and misery chased away.
And be her labors not spent in vain;
In realms where peace shall hold her sovereign sway.
Let her example multiply again,
This lofty type of devoted womanhood,
The champion of a noble sisterhood,
The good saint—Alma of this latter day.

The Maine.

The Cuban hosts in battle drawn
Long fought upon the purple plain;
They fought and bled, by hope led on,
To glut the wrath of savage Spain;
They fought and bled, they almost won,
Their banner sank, but rose again;
The tyrant knew each patriot son
Would fight to death to rend his chain.

He knew, and filled with demon hate
He longed to strike the fatal blow;
But could not stem the tide of fate,
Nor conquer so elusive foe;
He saw, and spread a poisoned bait—
What wiles doth not the treachour know!
For unsuspecting men to wait
And whelm them in one overthrow

Had Spanish valor even strained
A point with cowardice, forsooth,
Had even Spanish friendship feigned,
Stolen but the semblance of the truth;
Had in his heart one drop remained
Of pity, or of kindly ruth,
E'en Spanish cruelty had disdained
This crime to innocence and youth.

He saw complete his frenzied spite;
He laughed, he jeered, if laugh he may.
Whom fiends of hell must take delight
To rack with torture night and day;

But brief his joy, Oppression's might
Sinks to a slow but sure decay;
The foes of Justice have to fight
A stronger host than we or they.

Though now as churchman he may shout
Religion, vaunt his piety,
No Pope or priest can ere wipe out
His deep, consuming infamy;
Augmented forces clang about
His heels till he is forced to fly,
As Freedom's armies turn to rout
The foes of home and liberty.

Prophetic.

Boom the cannon from our warships,
Thickly fly the shot and shell;
Spain condemned to chains and darkness,
Hears the message that they tell.
Those are fearful words they utter,
'Tis the doom by heaven decreed,
For each slaughtered son of freedom
Soon a son of Spain shall bleed.

Trembles then the modern tyrant,
Like the monarch near his fall,
When he saw his fate foretelling
The handwriting on the wall.
Shook his limbs as with the palsy,
And his sceptre smote the ground,
As he read the dread inscription:
"Thou art weighed and wanting found."

Assassination of Canovas.

(Senor Canovas Del Castillo, Prime Minister of Spain, who declared that a war of extermination should be waged against the Cubans, literally paved his way to power with human skulls.)

Thy fate woke little pity, no regret,
Canovas; save that the blow should have sooner fallen
Than when the assassin wrought thy destined end.
Few tears were shed; none save by his friends—
If friends such monsters have—kindred wretches—
Who fly like butterflies around a throne
And buzz about a kingly court for favor,
Yield servile homage for weak words of praise,
With mean ambitions scorning higher things,
And hope to profit by liberty's expiring groans.
The wicked may have wept his taking off,
The just rejoiced to behold his overthrow.
The young unfledged Republic grimly smiled
At promised deliverance, as sent from heaven.
The prattling infant of scarce two years growth,
Beheld and crowed and clapped his hands in glee.
The slave for freedom felt of his shackles
And looked to see them fall; the starving wretches
In Morro's frowning walls, took heart again.
The hills by Cuba's martyrs trod, once more
Were clothed in living verdure, and the vales
Where died the famished and blood flowed un-
 staunched
From wounds innumerable as ocean's waves,
Or sands upon the sea shore, bloomed and smiled
In green and golden flowers, prophets of peace.

The spirits of the dead descended
And hovered o'er their much-loved isle to welcome
The hoped for end of strife; the worlding's pride
Was humbled before the dawn of liberty.
Cruelty felt defrauded of his prey,
As Hell's gate opened wide, but shrank to receive
Its late arrived inmate; even Satan felt
The touch pollution of this modern Nero.
On earth Tyranny stood aghast,
Then trembling, fled frightened at his own shadow.
But false the promise, all such hopes were vain
That this event would turn back the tide of blood.
Is there in Spain either pity or remorse?
Ask Lopez, Marti, Cuba's martyred dead,
Her slaughtered innocents, her crimsoned fields.
Thy allies, Cuba, are fates, destinies,
And viewless tenants of the air; spirits
Of the invisible world which fight for thee,
Keeping daily watch and ward; winged messengers
Which come to do thy bidding in wind and cloud;
The Ruler of the tempest and the gale;
The powers of heaven and the good of earth;
Truth, justice, the leagued armies of the mind
And heart of man, patriots of every clime,
And all which lives and works for human weal.

Is there in Spain either pity or remorse?
Ask Lopez, Marti, Cuba's martyred dead:
Her slaughtered innocents, her crimsoned fields!

GENERAL NARCISO LOPEZ planned the first revolt against Spain in 1848, but was unsuccessful, being captured three years later and garroted.

GENERAL JOSE MARTI, generally known as the Apostle of Freedom, was treacherously decoyed into ambush and shot, May 19, 1895.

These, too, thy allies and thy witnesses;
Rapine and slaughter, famine and the sword,
Agonies, and women and children's groans;
Crimes, murders, tortures, tyrannicide and blood;
Unhallowed rites, and sacrificial deaths;
The voices of the immemorial dead.

The Cry of the Nations.

When will there be an end of strife?

When will return the "piping times of peace;"
When sheathed will be the sword and bloody knife,
And war and carnage cease?

When will the nations, joining hands

In mutual love and common brotherhood,
Proclaim this edict to the troubled lands:
"Shed thou no drop of blood?"

Then shall the blessed influence shed

Of white-winged Peace descended from above,
With mercy inspire the nations' council-head,
And bring the reign of love.

Freedom, I hear thy piercing cry

Borne on the distant breeze to tyrannous Spain;
I hear thy mourning turned to mockery,
And laughter at thy pain.

There is a nation bound and set

In darker bondage than was the Afric slave,
O'er which foul Cruelty his sword doth whet
To fill the unmarked grave.

Again I hear the mournful cries
Of thousands of warriors slain, the strong and
weak,
Whose ghosts reanimate from the tomb arise,
And, rattling their death-chains speak.

How long wilt thou arm withdraw
To succor; how long thy wrath restrain, O God?
When will Thy might the nations overawe;
Be felt Thine avenging rod?

Gomez' Reply to the Offer of a Bribe.

I, too, confess, the generous blood
That mantles in a patriot's frame,
And shall I sell my country's good,
My noble name pollute with shame?

No, while a drop of blood remains,
Thy offer gladly I resign;
Know thou a bond of blood and chains
Shall not be forged by hands of mine.

Upon the lowly tented field,
Our patriots have battled long,
Shall I for all thy money yield,
Betray my land, add one more wrong?

I, in a thousand bloody fights,
Have warred, a veteran I have grown.
I ask no gift but human rights,
I'd spurn the offer of a throne.

Fierce murder stalks through all the land,
War's deathful meteor gleams afar.
Thou'st pillaged with a ruthless hand,
Sunk in the wave seems freedom's star.

Within our vales and circling hills,
Thy baleful fires are kindling fast.
Our patriot's life-blood stains our rills,
They fall like leaves before the blast.

But on the lowly tented field
I'll still strive on as I have striven,
Nor crave thy aid or arms, nor yield
My trust forever fixed on heaven.

The Dying Soldier on the Field of Battle

Hark, I hear the bugle's music,
Swelling loudly on the air,
See our column onward presses,
Braver still the foe to dare.

Hangs above the smoke of battle,
Like a banner in the sky,
Hiding from the eye of heaven,
Those who fall or wounded die.

"Forward! forward!" shout the horsemen;
Fearlessly they dash and ride,
Where the conflict fiercely rages,
Rolling like an angry tide.

Now they scale the gleaming summit,
Now our flag waves on the height;
Look! the very clouds rain blessings,
Frantic on the field of fight.

Let me see our banner waving,
Then fall quickly, shades of death,
Let me hear their shout of triumph,
Then may heaven take my breath.

Hark! I hear my comrades calling,
'Tis for deeds that I have done,
Over on the lonely mountain,
"Victory! the field is won!"

But my life-blood fast is ebbing;
Life to death will quickly yield.
Then the sergeant will note briefly:
"Veteran dead upon the field."

One more soldier of the battle,
To be numbered with the slain,
Where the conflict ragèd the fiercest,
And the bullets fell like rain.

Never will I hear the bugle
Sound its music in the air,
Never will I hear the summons
Calling me to Sabbath prayer.

At the roll-call I'll be absent,
Absent at the soldiers' mess;
Never will my living presence
There reward your watchfulness.

But beside the evening camp-fire,
You will feel my spirit nigh,
When you tell again the story
How a soldier brave can die.

And when silent is the cannon,
When peace reigns from sea to sea
And the war-drum throbs no longer,
Glory *then* may sigh for me!

Sonnet on "the Maine."

Fair ship that sailed with banners proudly gay
To a dark doom in treacherous Southern seas;
No note save gladness rang upon the breeze;
Soft blew the wind that wafted thee away.
Majestic spectacle!—a nation's pride,
And thy brave seamen, with hearts unterrified.
Noble thy purpose, and thy mission peace,
But soon to cruel ferocity a prey,
Fated with thy crew to sink beneath the waves;
But Freedom builds altars on her heroes' graves,
And Phoenix-like from thy ashes a million flames
Awoke in others as nobly to do or die,
To abrogate the Castilian's pious shames,
And strike a blow for Justice and Liberty.

The Four Naval Heroes.

We need a man for the Philippines;
Where is one who will fill the bill?
Who will deal death bolts to the Spanish lines;
For many a bullet is whistling still
And drenched with blood is fair Cuba's soil,
Which can not be wiped out by the tyrant's spoil.
Yes, there is one—George Dewey by name,
(Now not altogether unknown by fame,)
And he tackles the job like a fiend of flame,
His orders: "Destroy that Spanish fleet."
And he did it certainly, very complete,
While the world gazed in wonder at men and crew,
To learn what courage and skill can do.

Spain's fleet had quietly sunk to rest
At Manila, and not a sail in sight,
Securely there till the morning light
It slumbers, rocked on the wave's calm breast.
Could the Admiral have dreamt that a ship could pass
The frowning fortress of Corregidor,
With its guns and batteries on sea and shore,
With its torpedoes and thick-mined ocean floor,
That like travelers in the fierce Simoon,
Or leaves in the blast, ere the next day's noon.
That fleet should melt like a fleet of glass?
Slowly drift by the ships, each one,
Then solemnly booms a sentinel gun;
And shells burst like the rocket's meteor glow,
And at daylight appear to face the foe.

Up before breakfast and have a whack,
And not one ship could stand that attack;
Then a brief rest and at it again,
Till the flames burst forth from each prison pen.
And 'tis seen through the din and the battle smoke
The Yankees are dealing them stroke after stroke,
Till the last ship of that fleet that so proudly sailed
Is burned or sunk on the quivering bar.
And they, who with hope, the daylight hailed
Soon felt all the cruel reverses of war.
So the battle raged, till at nine o'clock,
Where was there a ship that was fit for the dock?
Three cheers for the hero who won that day,
Three cheers for Dewey, again I say.

"Cervera's fleet is safe in the bay,
But to keep him there, now who'll find a way?"
"Report," said Sampson, "or some fine day or night
He'll give us the slip and there'll be no fight."
Who is that youth with a stern-set eye
And an unblenched cheek, he says, "I'll try."
Lieutenant Hobson, ship builder, appear!
And there's not one doubt in his countenance clear.
Although 'tis a devilish, ticklish job,
There's a lot of them want it, but 'tis no go;
He will have it, whether or no,
There'll be only a few with faithful Hob.
"Go, then," said the Captain, "but look out
For Spanish shot and shell flying about,
For remember, they've eyes as sharp as tacks;
That they're cunning as foxes and sleek as wax."
So the men set out in their little boat,
As brave a craft as was ever afloat.

And they stuck it so fast in the oozy mud,
It could never be budged by wind or flood.
Now, Admiral C., escape if you can!
Get around that ship across your path,
And steer past our guns without scorch or scath,
Then Yankee Doodle will confess you're a man
Of no common mettle, and above your brood;
The peer by nature, as well as blood
Of us, though we've many brave and good.
How Santiago was won all the world knows,
How Spain's fleet was destroyed, like the Armada of
old

By Schley and Sampson, those fighters bold,
Finished completely, and at the evening's close,
There was not one ship that was fit to be seen,
And never one that could put to sea
Has over and over again been told
And need not be repeated by me.
'Twas a glorious victory in a righteous cause,
And the feathers still stick in the eagle's claws.
All honors to the heroes who wear the blue,
To Dewey and Schley and Sampson, too,
Who proved what Yankee blood can do,
But forget not Hobson of Dixie land,
Who held his life in his right hand
And counted it light in freedom's name.
And of all brave deeds that tongue or pen
Shall tell, these will shine like a beacon flame
As bright as any on scrolls of fame.
And when 'tis told o'er and o'er again,
And our children's children shall read about
The brave deeds that these heroes did—
For there's never a page so dark and dim

In our history they can not spell it out —
They will cheer for their flag with an added vim,
Then think of Hobson and cheer for him.
Then they'll cheer again with a hearty zest,
For Dewey and Schley and all the rest,
From the poorest sailor up to the best,
From the biggest officer down to the crew.
Who whipped the Spaniards so black and blue.
Then cheer for Yankee Doodle Do,

They will read in that history a meaning plain,
'Twas righteous principle, not love of gain,
That nerved those heroes to put to flight
The foe and win in the glorious fight.
And their faith in their country will cast out doubt.
Then hurrah for the grand old Ship of State,
The Union, now more strong and great,
If in balmy breezes or poisonous breath,
She may safely ride through the jaws of death.
Let that Ship now brave the winter's gale,
Or unfurl in the summer breeze her sail,
Let every mast be torn and rent,
When the thunders of war shake the firmament,
Or quietly sink to an anchored rest,
When Peace broods o'er the calm ocean's breast;
Let horror and darkness make to quail the brave,
Or love watch over the charmed-wave,
Let the red lance of conflict wave on high,
Or olive browed Concord drift smiling by;
We will feel not now the battle stroke,
We will dread not the seals of wrath unbroke;
With God as our refuge and shield from harm,
We will fear not the tempest nor heed the storm.

All honor, then, to the heroes four,
(And Heaven knows there were many more,)
And some who never returned to shore.
To Dewey and Sampson, to Hobson and Schley,
And all who were ready to do or die;
And to stand by the ship while the flag floats high.
For George and Rich and for Win and Bill,
Three cheers—and we give them with right good will.

Thanksgiving Day Ode.

Written in commemoration of the day appointed for National Thanksgiving, Sunday, July 10th, 1898.

On this bright, July morning,
Earth's bosom with fair flowers adorning,
Fitting it is to raise
Aloft the anthem and the voice of praise
To the all bounteous Giver,
Who did from death our hosts deliver;
For fruits of virtory.
On land and sea,
Let the choral song be sung, ascend the note of jubilee.
Not unresponsive is the sound that swells
On high, the music of the Sabbath bells,
Mingling its prelusive strain
With song and thanks in our hearts that echo o'er
again;
But for the unreturning brave,
Let tears be shed and memory decorate the grave.

Now peace doth stand,
Uniting with firmer band,
The nation knit anew by friendship's chain,
Spurning all sordid motives and all meaner gain.
The aged and the youth
Have learned a newer truth;
Gone with the rebel rag,
Which had usurped our flag,
Plucking the bright stars down from heaven's dome,
Is the rebellious spirit
Of those who would their country disinherit;
A stronger life we live one country, land and home.
One people and one
Destiny beneath the shining sun.

When Freedom, with the sword and flame,
On her unerring mission came,
A patriot race to free from Oppression's yoke,
And the haughty powers of Tyranny to tame,
She wrought her chainéd ear
For elemental war;
The pent up Aetna broke,
Rekindled by the fury she awoke.
Aroused by her sacred name,
Her thousands of minions at her bidding came.
East, West, North, South, from sea to sea,
They gathered in the name of Liberty.
Cruelty felt her mailèd hand,
And before the powers of Justice could not stand.
He shrank aghast,
Or fell like leaves before the winter's blast,
But gave one fitful gasp—it was his last.

Raise high the pæan of victory;
But greater praise deserveth magnanimity.

Heaven did the tyrant a respite give,
 (He may reform, forsake his path and live.)
But not to hold in servile chain,
 His kingdom for his worldly gain,
 Or captives in pernicious toils,
 His subjects for his spoils,
To pillage, murder, starve at his lustful will,
 The blood of innocents to waste and spill,
Or taint freedom's soil with unmerited abuse,
 On a defenseless people the dogs of hell to loose.
 And be not unforgot,
 This lesson in our thought,
Though persecution may triumph for a day,
 Though groan with victims black,
 Stake, pillory and rack,
They must perish at length in Truth's dissolving ray.
Though right may be usurped by wrong,
 'Tis not forever, nor for long,
 Brief his triumph, weak or strong.
At last from polar land to burning zone
Justice must reign—God sitteth on his throne.

Sonnet

(Written in commemoration of American Victories.)

While happy yet, and still more happy I
To record the acts of those who "with love far
brought,"
Great feats of daring and achievement wrought
And carried our arms to unstained victory;
Yet leave I not that record willingly,
"Without the meed of some melodious tear,"
For those who fell in battle to rise no more,
God light their journey to the Halcyon Shore,
Their deeds shall America for aye revere,
Justice hath triumphed, now our foes are fled.
Right rules the nations still, and—glorious thought,
The light of Liberty is unquenched—God reigns.
And now, North, South, East, West, sound Free-
dom's strains,
While Peace and Love o'er all their sheltering wings
outspread.

Christmas.

With snow and sleet and ice and rain,
This blessed day is ushered in.
Of peace on earth, good will to men.
Hark! angel voices softly sing,
Pæans of praise to the new-born king.

An Evening Scene.

Soft as the sound of the low wave's ebbing plash,
That lulls to silence all the turbulent main,
Sinks nature's music and the day's loud din,
To the droning hum of insects and of bees,
Whose pipings fill the interludes of song.
Slowly night's shades descend from the vaulted skies,
After the day's red glare, the landscape lies
In yellow splendor, saffron robed and crowned,
Half light, half dark, which, far and wide diffused,
And dim almost as fairyland and vague,
Makes all things of one texture with the sky.
Wrapped in a dull repose, the drowsy earth,
Slumbers beneath the tranquil light of stars,
Rocked in the cradle of the elements.
"The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,"
Cropping the thick-set herbage to the full.
The silver moon that lights the scene breathes forth

A gracious benison of peace to earth.
All else is silence, save sweet sounds borne from far,
Of the melodious invisible choirs,
Chanting the Creator's praise in verdant groves
Of swaying boughs thick interspersed with leaves,
Whose music echoes through the quiet air,
And ripples down the solitary vale.

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